

LITERATURE WEEKLY

BEGINNING with the issue for January 10th, LITERATURE became more thoroughly an international periodical of literary criticism. The change was justified by the appreciation which the paper has received from Americans who are interested in the affairs of the literary world. There will be no variation in the high standard which has marked its English career, and its

CRITICAL REVIEWS AND SPECIAL ARTICLES

will be written by men like WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, HENRY JAMES, EDMUND GOSSE, GEORGE MEREDITH, and RUDYARD KIPLING. It will contain, as heretofore, thoughtful, thorough and comprehensive reviews of all important publications. It will also contain, as heretofore, the leading articles and reviews of the English edition, and French, German, Italian, Spanish, English, and American works will be reviewed in a masterly way by American, English, or Continental critics as the occasion may require.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LETTERS

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS contributes a weekly article on American literary subjects, and the regular foreign correspondence upon current literary matters is written by the best critics of England and Europe. A department of special interest to the book-collector gives the news of the week concerning special sales of rare editions and of unusual collections that come before the public.

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FROM BEGINNING
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IN WHAT DOES THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS CONSIST?*

At the opening of the present scientific and literary course of the Athenæum of Madrid, the President, Señor Echegaray, lectured upon the subject: "In What Does the Strength of Nations Consist?"

To the intrinsic interest of such a discourse from so notable a man of letters and science, there was added an interest of another sort by the abundant data which are offered us at present for the study of the national temperament, with the effect upon it of that collision with a foreign nation, the shock of which has moved us so profoundly.

This tendency of the discourse is shown at its very beginning, where it is clearly seen that the choice of subject is due to the patriotic feeling of the writer, and to the influence which the deplorable condition of Spain has exercised over his mind.

The lecture is short—thirty odd pages—but even if it were much longer than is usual with a public lecture, it could not exhaust the subject: "In What Does the Strength of Nations Consist?" This short sentence suggests an entire philosophy of history. Historical study alone can shed light on the causes which make nations weak or strong. The subject is not one for theorizing or for *à priori* reasoning.

The mere statement of the subject

invites to reflection. The strength of nations is to be discussed because the nation to which we belong has just suffered a diminution of power and a loss of territory—the result of a most unfortunate war. It would seem that the sight of our misfortunes, leading us from effects to causes, ought to induce us to invert the question, and to ask: "What Is It That Causes Nations To Grow Weak And To Degenerate?" To propose an investigation of the causes of strength, may seem to be presenting the question with an aspect of hopefulness unbecoming the state of dejection and bitterness in which we find ourselves.

But there is another phase of the subject. Strength represents power, might, authority and renown—all those names which recall so vividly Spanish valor—and it is curious to observe, even in our moments of humiliation, that the thought of the nation, as of individuals, returns again to the old traditional channels. The fortunes of our history, which drew us from our corner of Europe to discover and conquer new worlds, have determined the tendency of our character. Spain has been involved in perpetual war, which has developed in the Spanish nature both pride and love of glory, passions which, in their turn, foster warlike instincts.

The arts of peace and of scientific invention have never attained among us the perfection which they have

*Translated for The Living Age by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

reached in the great European nations, in spite of the generous efforts of some of our *savants*. On the other hand, we have excelled in arms, poetry and art, in everything which harmonized with our lofty ideal and ministered to our passion for luxury and magnificence.

But the world has become more prosaic. Other times and other social conditions have succeeded the heroic age in which we shone, until we have come to the present economic age, in which we are slowly but surely playing a more and more unimportant part. We have not sufficiently understood the change. Absorbed in the contemplation of our own history—around which a poetic glamour has been thrown, and the importance of which a pardonable patriotism has at times exaggerated—we have confused the past with the present, we have walked with our eyes fixed on the clouds without looking at the ground upon which we trod, stumbling and falling at every step. We have not noticed the extent of the transformation going on around us, nor have we understood that the very qualities on which we justly prided ourselves, and which did, in other times, contribute to our power and aggrandizement, have every day less and less of practical value, while the value of other less brilliant qualities, too generally disdained by us, is vastly increasing.

Even if there were no other causes for our misfortune, it would be sufficiently accounted for by this difference, constantly more noticeable, between the qualities which we prize most highly and those demanded by the changes which have taken place in the world since the era of our greatness. In many respects we are not abreast of other civilized nations, and it is extremely dangerous, as we have lately had good reason to know, to remain thus in the rear.

There are many recent examples. Before the war with the North American Republic, we made the daring assertion that a nation of so brilliant a military reputation as ours, of so long and glorious a history, would conquer a nation of yesterday, given over to toll and trade—a nation of merchants—or at least compel it to pay dearly for its victory. An ominous sign—to disparage these mercantile activities so powerful at the present time. There was, doubtless, in Spain, a notable minority by whom these illusions were not shared; they had, nevertheless, a strong hold upon public opinion. In the same way today, after our defeat, we lament our humiliation, our impotence, our loss of territory, rather than the present poverty, and the prospect of future enervation, which the prodigious mismanagement of the war has increased. I believe the most tragic, the deepest and most heartfelt sentiment expressed concerning the war, is not to be found in those rhetorical laments which we hear, upon the ruin of our prestige or the disappearance of our colonial empire, but in this brief paragraph from the manifesto of the Agricultural Camara of Aragon:

All that was progress, wealth, and fulness of life, all that promoted our welfare, strength and health, our population, our culture, and our future in the history of the world, has been wasted by us—madmen and criminals that we are!—in powder and smoke. During the past four years, the war has devoured each week a canal for irrigation, a road each day, ten schools in an hour, and in half a week the forty-four towns made by Olivede y Aranda in the valleys of the Sierra Morena.

In returning to Señor Echegaray's address, it is but just to say that his thirty odd pages are very well laid out, and are wholly free from the

pretentious method of a scientific monograph. The address is much more than a rhetorical lucubration, designed to entertain a friendly audience with sonorous paragraphs. In his usual agreeable and easy style, Señor Echegaray puts forth numerous suggestions as to the causes which affect the strength of nations.

The strength of a nation does not lie in those institutions especially designed for its defense, any more than the strength of a man lies in the stick which he carries in his hand.

The true and lasting strength of an individual, and of society as well, is the result of an harmonious equilibrium between all the parts of the organism. In speaking of the strength of nations, I do not refer merely to their military strength, to their warships and battalions. That is but one of many elements which must be considered in order to estimate the energy of a nation. Military strength is something; it is a great deal, but it is not all, nor even the most important part. Still more, it is an effect rather than a cause; it is the manifestation of strength rather than the strength itself. If a nation is strong within itself and in all its parts, it will be strong upon the bloody field of battle and on the storm-swept seas. If it is weak within itself, if it does not possess the strength of which I shall speak later, no matter how much blood, life and money are sacrificed, in the end it will be conquered, not because it has not strength to-day, but because it had none yesterday, and was exhausted from the very beginning of the struggle.

The ideas which Señor Echegaray expresses with so much sincerity and clearness could not be more opportune. We Spaniards have not known how to appreciate the real and enormous difference of strength between our country and the United States. We asked for more ships, more soldiers, more batteries, and we could not see that what we lacked was more dollars. Those our enemy possessed in abundance.

As to all these matters, class interests, the servility of the press, and the weakness of political parties have choked the voice of sincerity. It is well known, nevertheless, that in spite of the indisputable inferiority of our navy, we were better prepared than the United States as to land forces. We had in Cuba an army of two hundred thousand men, inured to fighting after a three-years campaign, besides no less than twenty thousand men in the Philippines. The Americans had scarcely thirty thousand men, yet, whenever they engaged in battle, they were our superiors in numbers and supplies. For all this, two months only of preparation were needed by them.

With a better navy, with greater military capacity, we should only have prolonged the struggle. Instead of surrendering on account of the destruction of our squadron and the capitulation of our garrison, we should have succumbed to exhaustion and hunger.

In the actual conditions of war, the struggle is in a great measure a struggle of economic resistance. The experience, possible in other times, can no longer be repeated, when war was carried on at a light cost and with small regular armies, or when a small country, by the superiority of its commanders and troops, could wage war with countries much larger, richer, and more populous. These triumphs were always short-lived. To-day, with the transformation of the art and method of warfare, they are altogether impossible.

Strength must be looked for at this point, as Señor Echegaray says, in the harmony and equilibrium of the distinct parts of the national organism. To develop some of them, at the expense of others, will not make us strong; it will rather cause general weakness and internal disturbance.

"Finally," says Señor Echegaray, "the strength of all human fellowship must be looked for logically in the individual himself. This great factor of all union is of supreme importance. Modern statecraft frequently forgets individuals, or sees in them only a means for the aggrandizement of the state, which is converted into a species of Moloch to devour happiness and wealth. No society will ever be prosperous and enduring whose individual members do not find in it comfort and freedom of action."

From the active efforts of each individual, Señor Echegaray hopes for the national regeneration, and not from new political organizations, nor from so-called reformers, looking for office.

When societies are unable to cure themselves and are obliged to call in outside aid, they show signs of being very ill indeed. No doctor can cure without an active co-operation of the diseased system. In reality, medicines do not cure. The organism cures itself by the vital reaction which the remedies produce in it. If this reaction is not produced, if the organism does not respond to the action of the stimulants, no remedy is worth anything, nor is a cure possible.

In treating of the strength of nations, the President of the Athenæum omits to consider one essential factor—territory. But without territory only a few degenerate nations, like the Jews and the gypsies, have been able to exist. Possibly this omission is due to the fact that the address has a practical end in view, and that thus its author may desire, just as all Spaniards desire, to suggest a remedy for public evils, to expound his opinion as to their causes, and to prescribe a line of conduct for us to follow. Henceforward, we must place our confidence in population, not in ter-

ritory. The influence of the former is, indeed, so great that there are philosophers and historians, like Buckle, who make the history of nations depend upon it. Without going so far as that, it is undeniable that wealth, such an essential element in the strength of states, depends greatly upon the nature and conditions of territory. The climatic and geological conditions of our peninsula, for example, have contributed considerably to our poverty, the influence of which is so clear in our history, as Señor Canovas del Castillo has so well explained. Not only are the natural factors of production, climate, geographical situation, nearness to commercial highways, and length of coast line of great importance to a nation, but there are other similar factors which affect the strength of a state.

The very fact that our possessions were so scattered, some in the West Indies, and others near Asia, was a source of weakness for a nation of limited economic resources like Spain. These possessions were weak at many points, and it was difficult for the mother country to send them aid, as was seen during the late war. With the possible outcome of an international war in mind, it may be said,—paradoxical as the statement sounds—that Spain is stronger after the loss of her colonies than she was when she possessed them. It would have been a different matter if these colonies had been loyal, and strong enough to defend themselves, like the English colonies in Australia, for example, or if they had contributed greatly towards the wealth and prosperity of the mother country. We ought to lament the enormous price which our natural resistance has cost us, rather than the loss of the colonies themselves.

Señor Echegaray concludes his ad-

dress by placing the hope of our rehabilitation in the stimulus of patriotism. He asks that the man of science shall study, saying to himself the while: "I wish to learn in order that learned foreigners may not say that I am ignorant;" that the laborer shall work in order that other nations may not say that Spain is lacking in industries; that the farmer shall plough deep with the same end in view; that all, in fact, shall work with their chief thought the lustre and renown of their country.

This part of the address is very eloquent, but it is somewhat exaggerated, according to my way of thinking. Patriotism is a noble and necessary sentiment, but it must not be made

La Espana Moderna.

the only cause and principle of action, for the result would be the direct opposite of that desired.

Science, industry and agriculture, cultivated only to serve one's country and not for the natural ends of intelligence or of profit, will not produce learned men nor great enterprises, nor abundant harvests. Science, art and industry must be considered as ends in themselves, and not as mere means of the national aggrandizement, though that will ultimately result from them. Señor Echegaray doubtless understands this, although at the conclusion of his notable address he may have yielded somewhat to his poetic instincts.

E. Gomez de Baquero.

A PALADIN OF PHILANTHROPY.

In February, 1785, when the books of the "late learned Samuel Johnson, Esq., LL.D., Deceased," were being sold by Mr. Christie at his Great Room in Pall Mall, one of the persons present was Samuel Rogers, afterwards to be stigmatized by the caustic author of the "Pursuits of Literature" as the banker "who dreams on Parnassus." At this time he was two-and-twenty; and he recalls his attendance at this particular sale in order to chronicle the fact that he there met a very old gentleman—so old that the flesh of his face looked like parchment—who entertained the younger generation of Mr. Christie's clients by discoursing of the changes which had taken place in London within a memory which, to his auditors, seemed to rival that of the Count de St. Germain. He himself

who spoke, he declared, had "shot snipes in Conduit Street," when Conduit Street was an open mead; and it may be added that he had a friend, Mr. Mildmay, who had done likewise.¹ About his age—beyond these indications—he was reticent; and he was popularly supposed to be what he looked—at least a hundred. Oddly enough, the only well-known portrait of him was taken by Samuel Ireland at just this time and place. It exhibits a very ancient personage, indeed, lean as a grasshopper, with a profile not unlike that of Fielding in Hogarth's posthumous sketch. He wears a military hat, and a caped coat with deep cuffs and ruffles. His sword hilt projects between his skirts; and in his right hand, which is propped upon a stout walking-cane, he holds a book

¹ Mr. Carew Hervey Mildmay died in 1780. Fifty years ago people were wont to boast of shooting

snipe on the site of Belgravia (the Five Fields); now they speak of Battersea and Peckford Park.

which he has just bought, and is attentively reading without the assistance of spectacles.

"General James Edward Oglethorpe—for such was the name of Ireland's sitter—was not so old as he seemed, and perhaps wished to be thought. When in June, 1785, he died, contemporary prints vaguely stated his age at 102, and his epitaph in Cranham Church, an incontinent production by Capel Lofft which rivals the performances of Pope's Dr. Freind, is silent as to the date of his birth. His fullest biographer, Mr. Wright, and his last biographer, Mr. Bruce, concur in fixing this as June 1, 1689. But shortly after Mr. Wright's book appeared in 1867, that indefatigable amateur of the parish register, the late Col. J. L. Chester, pointed out in Notes and Queries that the date of the General's birth was plainly recorded at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and that the date was December 22, 1696—a date which (as regards day and month) is practically confirmed by the fact that, in the colony of Georgia which he founded, the 21st December was long kept as his birthday. But the seven years thus deducted from his lifetime make legend of many of the facts related of his youth. Even if he was really, as his epitaph avers, a "Captain-Lieutenant" of the Queen's Guards in 1714 (at eighteen), it is very improbable that he could have been the "Adjutant-General Oglethorpe" who, in the same year, travelled from Lyons to Turin with Dr. Berkeley. But it is pretty clear that in 1714 he was a Gentleman Commoner at Corpus, and that he matriculated there in July of the same year. In 1715, either upon the recommendation of Marlborough or Argyll, he took service under Prince Eugene, and assisted at the siege of Belgrade by the Austrians in 1717. For this we have his own authority. "Pray, General," said Johnson to him in 1772,

"give us an account of the siege of Belgrade" [Boswell, by a slip of the pen, says Bender]. Whereupon the old warrior, across the walnuts and with the aid of some of the wine, described that military exploit. *Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus.* "Here we were; here were the Turks," etc., to all of which the Doctor "listened with the closest attention." It is from Boswell again, and indeed upon the same occasion, that we get the only other authentic anecdote of Oglethorpe's youth. *Apropos* of duelling, Boswell tells the following story, as the General told it. Sitting once at table, under Eugene, with a certain Prince of Wurtemberg, the latter, by filipping the surface of his wine, made some of it fly over the young volunteer, who was thus placed in the awkward dilemma of having to decide between accepting or resenting a gratuitous affront. Oglethorpe's resolution was quickly taken. Saying pleasantly, "That's a good joke; but we do it much better in England!" he raised his glass, and flung the contents in the Prince's face. Whereupon an old General present wisely observed, "*Il a bien fait, mon Prince, vous l'avez commencé,*" and the affair passed off in good humor.

With the peace of Passarowitz in 1718, hostilities between the Sultan and Charles VI. were brought to a close, and with those hostilities ended Oglethorpe's experiences as a Continental volunteer. A year or two later, by the death of his second brother, Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, he succeeded to the family estate of Westbrook, near Godalming, which included a mansion where the Pretender was reported to have lain in hiding; and in October, 1722, like his father and brother before him, he took his seat in Parliament for Haslemere. As a senator, he was conspicuous for a frank speech and a benevolent bias. Colonization, commerce, free trade, and the

silk manufacture in England were things which interested him; and he had a knack of homely illustration which was by no means ineffective in debate. But he was a working rather than a talking politician, and his most valuable Parliamentary efforts were in connection with the Committee of 1729-30 into the state of the debtors' prisons in London—a Committee which, indeed, had originated with himself. A friend of his own, one Robert Castell, an amiable amateur architect, who, under guise of an introduction to Vitruvius, had prepared and dedicated to Richard, Earl of Burlington, a stately subscription *folio* on the Villas of the Ancients, subsequently, and perhaps not unnaturally, fell into pecuniary difficulties. He was thrown into the Fleet, at that time farmed by a wretch named Thomas Bambridge, who, in his capacity of warden, cleared some five thousand pounds a year by fleecing and oppressing the unfortunate debtors under his charge. As long as Castell could contrive to pay heavily for the privilege of residing in one of the four or five shabby streets which then constituted the Rules or Liberties, he was permitted to do so. But when he became unable to gratify the warden's immoderate demands for "presents" (as they were called), he was ruthlessly transferred to one of the three spunging houses, attached to the prison, a crowded and loathsome den, in which, moreover, the small-pox was then raging. He had never (as he protested) had that distemper; was extremely apprehensive of it, and died in a few days, declaring with his last breath that he had been murdered by Bambridge. Oglethorpe promptly brought his friend's deplorable fate to the notice of the House of Commons; and a Select Committee to inquire into the state of the Gaols of the Kingdom was immediately appointed, of which

he was nominated Chairman. Its three Reports on the Fleet and the King's Bench prisons, still to be read in volume eight of Cobbett's "Parliamentary History," disclose the most sickening story of barbarity, extortion, and insanitation. Good and bad, sick and hale, were found to be herded together in filthy dungeons; deaths, often from sheer starvation, were of daily occurrence; iron collars, thumb-screws, and the heaviest fetters were freely used for the refractory; and an unfortunate prisoner might be subjected to all this for the paltry debt of a shilling, which became the nucleus of endless gratuities and "considerations," and the pretext for perpetual confinement. As a result of the labors of Oglethorpe's Committee some of the most crying of these abuses were remedied; but many still remained thirty years later, to the pious horror of John Howard. The "garnish" money of the "Beggar's Opera," and the "begging box" of the "Citizen of the World" continued indirectly to swell the profits of the deputy-marshal and his myrmidons; the terrible gaol-fever still claimed its tribute of victims; and the prison interiors of Fielding's "Amelia" and Goldsmith's "Vicar" can scarcely be regarded as evidences of an attained ideal. One of the most interesting mementos of Oglethorpe's endeavors—which, by the way, were not restricted to his Parliamentary labors—is Hogarth's picture, now in the National Portrait Gallery, of Bambridge under examination.² It was painted for Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk, Knight of the Shire for Aberdeen, and a member of the Committee. Horace Walpole, who had the original oil-sketch, is loud in appreciation of the rendering of the inhuman gaoler. "It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa

² Sir James Thornhill, who probably got Hogarth's commission, was also on the committee.

would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance, his lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape; one hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait [and it was], it is the most speaking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer."

A year before he obtained the Committee of Inquiry into the Prisons, Oglethorpe had published anonymously a little pamphlet entitled "The Sailor's Advocate," in which he fearlessly exposed the method of impressment for the sea service approved by the Admiralty of the day. But the insight he had gained into the horrors of prison discipline had now turned his thoughts definitely in fresh directions, and he began to cast about to find employment and a future for those unhappy beings who, from no unpardonable fault of their own, were most liable to fall into the clutches of Bambergen and his associates. After prolonged and anxious consideration, he was led to believe that the true solution of the question must be sought in assisted emigration—a conclusion in which he was fortified by the successful plantation of Derry by the Corporation of London. The district he selected for his field of operation was one which had already attracted the projector. It lay on the east coast of North America, beyond and below the Savannah River, and to the north of the Spanish territory of Florida. The Spaniards, who claimed all America, persistently threatened it from the south; bands of runaway blacks infected it from the Carolinas; and to the west were dense and trackless woods filled with Cherokees, Chicka-

saws, and other hostile and predatory Indian tribes. But Oglethorpe, nothing daunted, put forward his scheme. With twenty other trustees, he petitioned the Throne for an Act of Incorporation, and in June, 1732, obtained a charter for settling and establishing a new colony, to be named Georgia, in honor of George II. In a couple of pamphlets, published in the same year, and entitled respectively "An Essay on Plantations," and "A New and Accurate Account of the Provinces of South Carolina and Georgia," he developed his ideas, which he affirmed to be "the result of various readings and conversations in many years." His appeal was warmly responded to by the public, and Parliament handed over to the trustees a sum of £10,000, the residue of a grant voted but not paid to Berkeley for his frustrate college in the Bermudas. The trustees, who were themselves large contributors to the scheme, were, by their charter, restrained from receiving any salary, fees, perquisites or profits, nor could they hold any land; conditions entirely honorable to themselves, and not subsequently discredited. Slavery, which prevailed in the Carolinas, was also strictly prohibited eventually by special statute. After careful inquiries, thirty-five families, comprising representatives of many trades, and numbering in all one hundred and twenty persons, were chosen for the first settlers; and on November 16, 1732, they set sail from Gravesend in the "Anne" (Captain Thomas). They were accompanied by Oglethorpe himself; by a chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Herbert, and by a Piedmontese named Amatis, whose function it was to instruct the new colonists in the art of rearing silkworms and winding silk. Oglethorpe, who was empowered to act as a Colonial Governor, was at this date six-and-thirty, and, notwithstanding an undeniable touch of romance in his character, still unmarried. He had

already shown energy and tenacity of purpose; he was now to exhibit, in fuller measure, his gifts as an organizer and administrator. He is described as tall, manly, and very handsome; as dignified, but not austere; and if it be added to these things that, as a country gentleman, he had an ample fortune, which he freely employed in the furtherance of his benevolent designs, may fairly claim to be written, like Abou Ben Adhem, as "one that loved his fellow-men."

On January 13, 1733, after a prosperous voyage of some sixty days, the "Anne" dropped anchor outside Charleston Bar, in South Carolina, and Oglethorpe at once proceeded to select the site of the new settlement. The spot he fixed upon was a flat bluff or headland on the right (or south) bank of the Savannah, where, about ten miles from the mouth, it bends eastward to the Atlantic. This site extended about five miles into the country, with a river frontage of about a mile. The clearing of the woods began, streets and squares were marked out, and the frame houses of the settlers began to rise slowly. By the middle of March five houses were built, and a crane and magazines had been erected. The settlers had been solemnly warned against the dangers of rum, and friendly relations were already in progress with the nearest body of Indians, a branch of the Creek tribe, about a mile off. Oglethorpe's management of the Indians deserves the highest praise, and he speedily inspired them with a confidence which they never lost. "They are desirous," he wrote to the trustees, "to be subjects to his majesty, King George, to have lands given them among us, and to breed their children at our schools. Their chief, and his beloved man, who is the second man in

the nation, desire to be instructed in the Christian religion." A month or two later a formal convention was concluded with the Indians, under which the country between the Savannah and the Alatamaha (Goldsmith's "Wild Al-tama" in "The Deserted Village"), as far as the tide waters flowed, and including most of the islands, was ceded to the trustees; and, by a further treaty, the Creeks engaged to have no dealings with the Spaniards or the French. As a protection against the former, Oglethorpe erected a strong outpost on the Ogeechee River, which he christened (in honor of his patron) Fort Argyll, and this was followed, not long after, by the creation, on St. Simon's Island, at the mouth of the Alatamaha, of the settlement and military station of Frederica. Meanwhile new emigrants continued to reach Savannah. A large body of these were Protestants from Salzburg, whose expulsion from their native Tyrol, by episcopal edict, had aroused considerable sympathy in England. Oglethorpe and his trustees invited them to Georgia, where, in March, 1734, they arrived, to be welcomed warmly by the English colonists, and regaled, *inter alia*, with "very fine, wholesome English beer." They took up their abode in a locality chosen for them by Oglethorpe's aid, which they named "Ebenezer." As soon as they were established there, Oglethorpe, leaving his new colony in the charge of a bailiff or storekeeper, named Causton, set sail for England in H. M. S. "Aldborough," taking with him his now firm friend, the old Creek chief or Mico, Tomo-Chichi, his wife, Senauki, his boy nephew, Tooanahowi, and Hillispilli, his war captain. Oglethorpe's politic object in choosing these travelling companions was to impress them with the resources of Great Brit-

² This very minor detail is mentioned for the sake of showing that Oglethorpe's objection to alcohol stopped at "fire-water." He would have been thor-

oughly in sympathy with the lessons of Hogarth's Beer Street and Gin Lane.

ain, and the importance of her institutions.

Tomo-Chichi and his suite had certainly what would now be termed "a good time" in London. The war captain having been with difficulty restrained from appearing in his "native nothingness" of paint and feathers, they were taken to Kensington in three coaches to interview George II., who received them very graciously, and allowed them £20 a week during their four months' stay in town. They subsequently visited the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Potter?) at Lambeth, and were made acquainted with "whatever was curious and worthy Observation in and about the Cities of London and Westminster." They received some £400 worth of presents, including a gold watch which was presented to the younger Mico, with a pious admonition, by William Duke of Cumberland. In return, they seem to have greatly (or gratefully) admired his Royal Highness' "Exercise of riding the manag'd Horse," and to have been specially impressed by the magnificence of the Life Guards and the glories of the Lord Mayor's Show. After their return to Georgia in October, some of the tribe sent an elaborate letter of thanks to Tomo-Chichi's entertainers, but scarcely in a shape adapted for preservation in a muniment room. It consisted of the dressed skin of a young buffalo, painted by a Cherokee chief with red and black hieroglyphics; and in this form it long ornamented the Georgia Office at Westminster. Oglethorpe himself was also naturally the object of much attention, and he received many testimonies to the popularity of his enterprise. Some of these took peculiar forms. At the end of 1735 a certain eccentric Mr. Robert North, of Scarborough, offered prizes in the Gentleman's Magazine for the four best poems entitled "The Christian Hero" (the name, it will be remem-

bered, of an early devotional manual by Captain Richard Steele, of the Guards). The first prize was to be a gold medal with Oglethorpe's head on one side, and that of Lady Elizabeth Hastings (Steele's "Aspasia") on the other. Lady Elizabeth's effigy was, however, withheld at her own request, and that of Oglethorpe did not prove complimentary as a portrait. As for the poems—well, the poems may still be read in Sylvanus Urban his sixth volume. But the metrical utterance that really handed down Oglethorpe's name to posterity made its appearance a year later (1737). The couplet—

One, driven by strong benevolence of
soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole
to pole—

In Alexander Pope's epistle to Colonel Cotterell, has done more to preserve the memory of the founder of Georgia than all the records of the colony.

During Oglethorpe's stay in England he had been actively engaged in the interests of the colony, but beyond the fact that, from his seat in the House, he had warmly supported two Acts prohibiting the introduction of rum and slavery, his doings have not been particularly recorded. In December, 1735, he set out on his homeward voyage in two vessels, the "Symond" and the "London Merchant," taking with him two hundred and twenty chosen settlers, and a fresh consignment of Salz-burgers. He was accompanied, as missionaryaries, by John Wesley, at this time two-and-thirty, and his younger brother Charles, who was twenty-six. After a passage of many vexations and delays (like Fielding later, they were detained several weeks at the Isle of Wight by contrary winds), they reached the Savannah. Of course there were disappointments. Tybee Island, at the river mouth, which should have been lighted, was still dark. But the settlement it-

self had greatly prospered in its founder's absence. Where, three years before, there had been a dense forest, now rose some two hundred comfortable houses, with gardens and orchards, and pasture lands filled with grazing cattle. But Savannah was no longer to be Oglethorpe's chief care. The Spaniards, who had a stronghold at Fort Augustine, in Florida, were demonstrating uneasily along the Alatomaha and he turned his restless energies for the future mainly to the protection of the southern frontier. A body of Gaelic Highlanders had already been established at Darien, about twelve miles up the Alatomaha, and after settling some difficulties of the Salzburgers, who were dissatisfied with the site of Ebenezer, he hastened southward to St. Simon's Island, at the river mouth. Here in brief space he constructed, and stocked with emigrants, the fort of Frederica, for many years to come the main bulwark against Spanish aggression in North America; and it is with this fort on St. Simon's Island that he was chiefly connected during the remainder of his stay in Georgia.

Mention has been made of the fact that Oglethorpe was accompanied on his return from England by the Wesley brothers. Their subsequent history is one of the difficult passages of the Georgia chronicle. Charles, the younger, who, besides being chaplain, was to be Oglethorpe's secretary, appears to have speedily wearied of his lay duties; added to which, in Oglethorpe's absence from Frederica, he became involved in a tangle of misunderstandings with the settlers—misunderstandings embittered by jealousies and feminine tittle-tattle. Ultimately he found Frederica too hot for him ("I was overjoyed at my deliverance out of this furnace"), and soon afterwards resigned his post, parting kindly with Oglethorpe, who, notwithstanding his impetuosity, never bore malice. Mean-

while his elder brother, whom Oglethorpe liked less, was not prospering at Savannah. He had come out to convert the Indians, but he never learned their language. On the other hand, he contrived to make himself exceedingly unpopular with the colonists. At this period, as he himself admitted later, he was a bigoted High Churchman. His sermons, rigorous in doctrine and personal in tone, were speedily found distasteful by the very mixed community of the new settlement. Moreover, he is alleged "to have interfered in family quarrels and the broils of social life." Finally came the love affair which has been so often related. He became greatly attached to the storekeeper's niece, an artful coquette, who nursed him through a fever, and deliberately sought to attract him. Whether he actually proposed to her is obscure, but the Salzburg elders were certainly consulted as to the expediency of his marriage. They reported adversely, and the lady promptly united herself to a rival suitor. When afterwards, for some levity of behavior, Wesley refused to admit her to the Communion Table, her uncle and husband indicted him for defamation. The suit failed, but Georgia was no longer possible for John Wesley, and he returned to England in December, 1737, as Whitefield was setting out to join him. Whitefield, in other ways, was equally ineffectual; and he, too, made no long stay in Savannah. In no case does there seem to have been any rupture with Oglethorpe. But from a letter he wrote later, *apropos* of the excellent "Practice of Christianity" which the good Manx Bishop, Dr. Wilson, had prepared at his request, "towards an instruction of the Indians," he was plainly of opinion that the teaching of "our Methodists," as he calls the brothers and their successor, had not proved to be adapted to the spiritual requirements of the colony.

The Wesleys, however, are but an episode in Georgian history; and during their residence in the colony cannot have seen much of Oglethorpe, whose life henceforward reads like a realization of the old stage direction, "excursions and alarms." Actually or indirectly, he was continuously occupied in watching the movements of the Spaniards; and his resources, offensive and defensive, were uncertain and inadequate. The Indians, his best friends, were excitable, and not always to be controlled by civilization; the Carolinians, besides being committed to slave-labor, were self-seeking and obstructive, while the Salzburgers, though tractable and inoffensive in their "petrified Sabbath" at Ebenezer, declined to fight, and ultimately had to go altogether. After nine months of spasmodically defending Georgia against its different dangers, Oglethorpe took advantage of a temporary lull to sail again for England, and beat up recruits. He was received with renewed enthusiasm, not a little heightened by the fact that the Court of Madrid, while privately strengthening St. Augustine, had the audacity to demand that neither Oglethorpe nor his levies should be allowed to go back. Nevertheless, with the approval of government, his regiment of 600 men was raised; and in the following September he once more reached St. Simon's with the title of Commander-in-Chief of all his Majesty's forces in Georgia and South Carolina. Some further time was occupied in procuring and concluding fresh treaties with the Indians; and then came the long-deferred Declaration of War with Spain, one of the first results of which was that Oglethorpe was ordered to harass St. Augustine. This, a few months later, he prepared to do, but not with his usual good fortune. He had a fair equipment of regulars, Carolina militia, and Indians, and this land force, numbering some two thousand men, was intended to be sup-

ported from the sea by English men-of-war. But the Indians proved unmanageable; the colonial militia behaved contemptibly, and the fleet failed to render the expected aid. Sickness and disaffection complicated matters, and after investing St. Augustine (which was found to be strongly garrisoned and well defended) for five weeks, Oglethorpe had no option but to withdraw, to the great prejudice of his prestige both abroad and at home, where his old patron, the Duke of Argyll, had to explain in the House of Lords (what was indeed the truth) that the enterprise had miscarried only "for want of supplies necessary to a possibility of success."

Happily, for two years after the siege of St. Augustine, Spain remained comparatively quiet. Then, in the spring of 1742, came Oglethorpe's opportunity. Before he had been the attacker, now he was to be the attacked, and the story, on a smaller scale, has a dash of the Elizabethan days. The Spaniards, with due deliberation, fitted out a pompous armada of thirty or forty ships, the object of which was to sweep the heretics, summarily and for ever, from the North American settlements. The key of Georgia was St. Simon's Island, and St. Simon's Island, the defences of which had been recently strengthened, could not be neglected by an invader. Into St. Simon's Island Oglethorpe accordingly flung himself with a rapidly organized band of followers. When, after an unsuccessful attack on Fort William (in Cumberland Island), the Spaniards arrived off St. Simon's Bar, he allowed them to land, spiked the guns of the smaller fort to the south, and retired upon Frederica, which was flanked by a dense oak-forest, and approached by a morass. Here, under cover of the wood, and well served by his Indian scouts, he attacked the enemy in detail, a course which subjected them to much the same fate as that which befell Braddock's ill-starred ex-

pedition, fourteen years later, against Fort Duquesne. Notwithstanding their superiority, numbers of them were killed by sallies and ambuscades, and Oglethorpe himself, as a leader, seems to have shown extraordinary resource, decision, and personal gallantry, taking two Spaniards prisoners, on one occasion, with his own hand. Finally, by a lucky stratagem, he contrived, through the medium of a French spy, to persuade his foes that an English fleet was on its way to his relief—a statement which was luckily supported by the chance appearance of some vessels off the coast. After a week of desultory warfare, the Spanish forces fell off again southwards, with Oglethorpe in their rear. They made a renewed and fruitless attack upon Fort William, but in a few days more they disappeared in the direction of St. Augustine, and Oglethorpe was able to order a thanksgiving for the end of the invasion. Seven or eight hundred men had put to flight five thousand; and Whitefield might well write (as he did) that “the deliverance of Georgia from the Spaniards is such as cannot be paralleled but by some instances out of the Old Testament.”

During the remainder of his stay in Georgia, Oglethorpe continued, by such means as lay in his power, to “harass the Spaniard.” But he was ill-supported from home both with money and men; and his military operations had involved him personally in financial difficulties which, sooner or later, must have required his return to England. The immediate cause of that return in July, 1743, was, however, apparently to meet certain charges, afterwards declared by a Board of General Officers to be “false, malicious, and without foundation,” which had been preferred against him by one of his own officers, Colonel William Cook, who was dismissed the service. A month or two later (September 15) the Gentle-

man's Magazine records the marriage of “Gen. Oglethorpe,—to the only Daughter of the late Sir Nathan Wright, Bt., of Cranham Hall, Essex.” The lady, who was thirty-five, brought him a fresh fortune (Georgia had practically absorbed his own), and a pleasant country-house with an old-fashioned garden. One of Mr. Urban's poets seems to have expected that Mrs. Oglethorpe would henceforth share her husband's “fatigues and conduct in the field.” But Oglethorpe never went back to Georgia. In the Forty-Five, he was appointed to a command under that youthful rival of Eugene and Marlborough, “Billy the Butcher,” who subsequently accused him of “lingering on the road” with his rangers in pursuit of the rebels. “Lingering” was not a fault of Oglethorpe, who was promptly acquitted by court-martial—the King confirming the verdict. But though he was later made lieutenant-general, his career as a soldier practically closed with this incident. For several years he continued to speak ably and earnestly in the House of Commons on matters military and philanthropic. Then, in 1754, two years after the trustees had finally washed their hands of Georgia, he lost the seat which he had held through seven Parliaments; and in 1765, two years after Florida was transferred to England at the Treaty of Paris, he became a full general, soon to be the oldest in the British army. But it was twenty years more before he finally quitted the scene, living past the American Revolution and the famous Declaration which made Georgia independent, to die at last in his Essex home, not, as one might suppose, of old age, but of a violent fever which would have killed him at any time. He is buried in the little church at Cranham, where, two years later, his widow was laid beside him.

There are many references to Ogle-

thorpe in the memoirs of his day, through which he flits fitfully for half a century, vigorous, bright-eyed, and too eager of speech to complete his sentences. He was familiar, of course, with Boswell, to which eminent "Authour," after the publication of the "Tour in Corsica," he introduced himself in a particularly gratifying manner. "My name, sir, is Oglethorpe, and I wish to be acquainted with you." He bade him not marry till he had first put the Corsicans in a proper situation. "You may make a fortune in the doing of it," said he; "or, if you do not, you will have acquired such a character as will entitle you to any fortune"—words which, if correctly reported, have a curious odd suggestion of his own experience. He was also known to Johnson, whose "London" he had been one of the earliest to praise "in all companies," and there can be no doubt that such lines as those in that poem which speak of "peaceful deserts, yet unclaimed by Spain," which might afford an asylum to the oppressed, must have found a responsive echo in Oglethorpe's heart. Both the Doctor and Boswell seem to have proposed to write their friend's life, but neither did; and we are left to explain their neglect either by indolence, or that absence of effective biographical material and predominance of minor detail which have proved such an obstacle to Oglethorpe's later biographers. Another contemporary whom he knew was Goldsmith, to whom he offered Cranham as an asylum from the *fumum strepitumque Romæ*. He sends him five pounds for a charitable purpose, and adds: "If a farm and mere country scene will be a little refreshment from the smoke of London, we shall be glad of the happiness of seeing you at Cranham Hall." Whether Goldsmith went (he was familiar with another Essex house, Lord Nugent's, at Gosfield), we know not; but it was when Oglethorpe was calling

upon him with Topham Beauclerk that he was insulted by Pilkington's historical pound—no, quarter-of-a-pound—of tea; and it was at Oglethorpe's, in April, 1773, that he sang Tony Lumpkin's "Three Jolly Pigeons," and that other ditty, to the tune of the "Humors of Ballamagairy" ("Ah, me! when shall I marry me!"), which was left out of "She Stoops" because the "Miss Hardcastle" of the play was no vocalist. But the last, and perhaps the most picturesque accounts of Oglethorpe, are given by Horace Walpole and Hannah More. "I have got a new admirer," writes that lively lady from Garrick's in 1784. "We flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time . . . the finest figure you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great [he knew some of Miss More's poetry by heart], his knowledge of the world extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever; he is one of the three persons still living who were mentioned by Pope; Lord Mansfield and Lord Marchmont are the other two . . . He is quite a *preux chevalier*, heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry." Walpole, who was feebler, and frailer, and crippled with rheumatism, is hardly as enthusiastic as "St. Hannah," which was his own name for Miss More. But his report is fully confirmatory of Oglethorpe's young old age. "General Oglethorpe, who sometimes visits me . . . has the activity of youth when compared with me. His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom; two years and a half ago he challenged a neighboring gentleman for trespassing on his manor. 'I could carry a cannon as easily as let off a pistol.'" And this was written in April, 1785, a

month or two before Oglethorpe's death.

Hannah More's conventional "*preux chevalier*," strikes the final note of Oglethorpe better than her effusive laudation. When he recommends her to study the old romances because it is the only way to acquire noble sentiments, we are reminded not a little of his own likeness to Don Quixote; when we read of his restless and impetuous energy, we recall (and the parallel was drawn in his own day) the ubiquitous exploits of Peterborough.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers
 strown,
This breaks a girth and that a bone.

He prosecuted Philanthropy in the spirit of a knight-errant, a course which, with all its advantages, has demonstrable drawbacks; and it is quite possible that, reasoning with his heart rather than his head, he was sometimes mistaken both in the agents

Longman's Magazine.

he chose and the means he employed. In the matter of alcohol and slave labor he was plainly in advance of his time, and if he was not (as Warton claimed), "a great hero and a great legislator," there can be no doubt as to his genuine benevolence and his unfeigned sympathy with the oppressed. "His undertaking will succeed," said the Governor of South Carolina, "for he nobly devotes all his powers to serve the poor and rescue them from their wretchedness." "He has taken care of us to the utmost of his ability," wrote the pastor of the exiled Salzburgers. "Others would not in many years have accomplished what he has brought about in one." And when, long after, the Spaniards sought to prejudice an Indian chief against his English friend, he answered, "We love him. It is true he does not give us silver, but he gives us everything we want that he has. He has given me the coat off his back and the blanket from under him."

Austin Dobson.

MENALCAS.

Idyl viii. 63-66.

With limbs out-stretched along the thymy ground
The dog Lampurus slumbers in the shade,
While tender ewes unchecked by warning sound
Go wandering idly through the sylvan glade
In guileless ignorance all undismayed
By cruel beasts that hold the copse around
And make the herd Menalcas half afraid,—
The boyish herd who cries: "O heedless hound,
Is this thy helping of my timorous youth—
To let thy flock disperse the woods among,
With no preventing feet, no faithful tongue?
The very wolves might show a deeper ruth,
And spare to raven with ensanguined tooth,
Seeing the shepherd of the sheep is young."

Edward Cracraft Lefroy.

A DIPLOMATIC SCRAMBLE.

I propose relating in the following article an event that I have every reason to believe is an unrecorded episode of the war between the republics of Chili and Peru, which terminated so disastrously to the Peruvians, some seventeen years ago.

Prior to the outbreak of this war, there was, perhaps, no city in the Southern Hemisphere that could vie in gaiety, pleasure and hospitality with Lima, the capital of Peru, one of the most important cities in South America. In its attractions and luxurious mode of living, and in all that appealed to the gratification of pleasure and mirth, it compared very favorably with its sister capital in France.

But at the time of which I write, namely, the early part of 1881, the inhabitants of Lima were in a state of intense alarm and excitement. The hateful Chillians had successfully invaded their country and were, practically, at the gates of Lima.

There was, it must be confessed, great cause for this alarm and excitement, for the Peruvian army had just sustained a disastrous defeat at Chorillos on the 13th of January, and the victorious Chillians, flushed with success, were now occupying a strong position in the neighborhood of Miraflores, only eight miles from Lima. The remains of the Peruvian army, augmented by the garrison of Lima, about 12,000 men in all, were entrenched behind some sandhills on the outskirts of Miraflores, and not more than a mile distant from the position occupied by their enemies, who numbered about 14,000.

The Peruvians well knew that the fate of Lima depended upon the battle that was imminent, and they trem-

bled for the city of which they were so justly fond and proud, feeling sure that it would share the same fate as the pretty little seaport town of Chorillos (the Brighton of Peru), which had just been ruthlessly destroyed by the victorious Chillians directly after their victory.

Under these circumstances, a great number of the wealthy inhabitants had already left Lima with their wives and families, while a large proportion of the foreigners, as well as natives, sought safety by going on board some old hulks and other ships that had been hurriedly fitted for their occupation, and which lay anchored in Callao Bay, under the protection of the guns of a strong neutral squadron that had assembled for the purpose of protecting foreign interests. In these ships the wives, mothers and relatives of those who were engaged in the sanguinary struggle at Chorillos could distinctly hear the incessant fusillade of the opposing armies, with the continuous patter of the gatlings and the bursting of the shells, that they knew were dealing death and destruction to their loved ones on the battlefield.

The spacious Exhibition building in Lima had been temporarily converted into a military hospital, for which it was admirably adapted, and here the wounded men who were brought in from the front were attended to by the medical officers belonging to the neutral men-of-war, who, with commendable zeal and self-sacrificing devotion, had placed their services at the disposal of the authorities immediately news of the fight had been brought to Lima. The excitement the day after the battle increased as fugitives from the army thronged into

the capital, acting on the principle that discretion was the better part of valor. These valiant soldiers discarded their arms and uniforms as they hurried away from the scene of strife, intent only on saving their own worthless lives, and leaving their comrades at the front to do their best to stem the advance of the victorious Chilians.

The accommodation on board the ships and floating hulks was, of course, very limited; a great number of women and children, therefore, were compelled to seek refuge in the various foreign legations and consulates, hoping that the flag that waved over them would afford them sure and ample protection. It is estimated that no fewer than seven hundred women and children flocked to the British legation, where they were well looked after and hospitably entertained by the English minister and his staff, until the crisis was over. Although the Peruvians had received a very severe check at Chorillos, they did not altogether abandon the hope of saving Lima. They knew that their position at Miraflores was fairly strong, and this, they were well aware, would have to be attacked and captured before the invading force could possibly occupy the capital.

Before resuming hostilities, the Chilian commander-in-chief, being desirous of avoiding further bloodshed, and being well acquainted with the demoralized state of the opposing army and its impotence to resist his attack, sent a flag of truce to the President of Peru, who had placed himself at the head of his army, pointing out the inutility of further resistance on his part, and suggesting the desirability of making terms with a view to the cessation of hostilities; at the same time he hinted in very plain language that, in the event of hostilities being renewed in such close

proximity to Lima, he would not hold himself responsible for the safety of the city, which, he implied, might possibly share the same fate as Chorillos. One of the conditions stipulated by the Chilian general, as a preliminary to negotiations, was the evacuation and surrender of the lines occupied by the Peruvian troops at Miraflores.

The mission was, however, unsuccessful, but although the President absolutely refused to discuss peace proposals on the conditions demanded, it had the effect of inducing him to summon a council of his principal officers and advisers, in order to discuss the situation. The result of this conference, which was held on the evening of the 14th (the day after the battle of Chorillos), was an invitation to the foreign ministers resident in Lima, requesting them to use their good offices as mediators, and giving them full powers to act in the interests of Peru. This service was willingly undertaken by the different foreign representatives, who at once hastened to Miraflores to place themselves in personal communication with the President, the British minister taking, as he invariably had done, the leading part in their efforts to obtain peace and to restore tranquillity.

It was then agreed to send two neutral naval officers to the Chilian headquarters, with a request that the Chilian general would be pleased to receive the foreign ministers as soon as possible, in order to confer with them as to what preliminary steps should be taken preparatory to discussing the terms of peace.

A verbal and somewhat curt reply was brought from the Chilian general about midnight, to the effect that he would be willing to receive the ministers at seven o'clock the next morning.

Accordingly at that hour a deputa-

tion from the *Corps Diplomatique* repaired to the headquarters of the Chilean commander-in-chief.

In the interview that ensued it was expressly laid down by the Chilean general, as a preliminary to all discussion, that Callao with its fortifications, together with all the ships of war belonging to Peru, must be surrendered to the Chileans. This was agreed to after some discussion, but the mediators on their part demanded in the most emphatic manner a guaranty that the city of Lima must, in any case, be spared from the horrors of an assault, and that when it surrendered it should only be occupied by a specially selected *corps d'élite*, whose members would not be likely to break out in the same undisciplined and ungovernable manner as was displayed by the Chilean soldiery at Chorillos, and furthermore, that all neutral property was to be inviolably respected.

Such a firm stand did the English minister take on these points, that the Chilean authorities could not fail to perceive that in his demands he was evidently negotiating with the knowledge of being backed by material and substantial support, and being aware of the presence of a very powerful neutral squadron at anchor off Callao, they very wisely assented, and gave the necessary pledges.

It was also arranged that hostilities should be suspended until midnight, in order to give the ministers time to report the result of the conference to the President of Peru; but the contending armies were to be at liberty to move their troops with a view to further operations, provided those movements were restricted to positions *inside* their respective lines.

During all this time the excitement in Lima was intense. None were so fatuous as to suppose for a moment that the Peruvian army, although

now holding a fairly strong position, would be able to resist the attack of the Chilean soldiers, flushed with victory and eager to follow up the successes they had already achieved with the capture of Lima, and thus terminating the war. Women and children—ay, and able-bodied men also—continued to flock to the foreign legations, convents and other asylums in the city, in which they hoped they would be safe from their savage enemies, whose riotous and discreditable excesses in Chorillos had earned for them an unenviable reputation for lawlessness and bloodshed.

On the return of the ministers to Miraflores, they were met by the English and French admirals and the Italian commodore, who had come out with the object of aiding their respective representatives with their counsel and, if necessary, to support them in the event of strenuous and coercive measures being considered desirable. The ministers included those accredited to Peru from San Salvador, England, France, Germany, United States, Italy and Brazil.

Shortly after one o'clock, the Chilean general, accompanied by a large staff, rode out to make a personal inspection of the disposition of his troops, which, it must be remembered, were drawn up in a position only about one thousand yards from the Peruvian lines. Relying on the absolute security of the truce, the Chilean soldiers had fallen out from the ranks, some were asleep, and the majority were cooking and eating their mid-day meal.

During his tour of inspection, the Chilean general approached to within about eight hundred yards of a small body of Peruvian infantry posted behind a stone wall. He was, undoubtedly, in *advance* of the Chilean lines.

Whether the Peruvians regarded this as a breach of the armistice will

never clearly be known, but without a word of warning, or the display of a flag of truce, they immediately opened a brisk fire on the Chilian headquarters staff, and thus commenced the battle of Miraflores.

Whether this was a deliberate act of treachery on the part of the Peruvians, or whether they thought they were justified in firing on a party of the enemy who had approached their position to within the proscribed distance, will always remain a mystery. There is, however, but little doubt that the Chilian commander-in-chief, whether intentionally or not, it is difficult to say, distinctly violated the terms of the armistice, by advancing *outside* his own lines.

In a very few minutes the battle became general along the entire position, the Chilian men-of-war stationed in the Bay of Chorillos joining in it by a lively cannonade on the town of Miraflores, and the right wing of the Peruvian army.

At the moment of this sudden and unexpected resumption of hostilities, the President of Peru, secure, as he thought, from any disturbance from the enemy, was entertaining the foreign ministers and naval officers at an excellent and *recherché* luncheon, in one of the charming suburban residences in Miraflores, which had for the occasion been selected as the Presidential headquarters.

Never was a company assembled round the table of an exalted personage so quickly dispersed.

No ceremony was observed regarding the laws of procedure and etiquette; the entire party jumped up simultaneously, each individual taking advantage of the nearest and the most convenient mode of exit; the Peruvian officers, as they rushed out buckling on their swords, giving vent to their feelings by imputing, in

no measured terms, treachery to the Chilians, who, they imagined, had basely and wilfully broken the truce. The very fact that the foreign ministers and admirals were present at the headquarters of their army was in itself, they thought, a full and sufficient guaranty for the maintenance of the truce. The rattle of the musketry and the screeching of the shells fired by the Chilian ironclads, as they hurtled over their heads, or crashed through the roofs of the houses, bursting with a loud noise, was, however, convincing proof, if proof was necessary, not only that hostilities had been renewed, but that a fierce and terrible battle was being waged.

Never had an assemblage of foreign diplomatists exhibited so much unanimity of opinion as did the *Corps Diplomatique* on this occasion. Their one desire, their one thought, was to endeavor to get as far away from Miraflores as possible. In this decision there was not a single dissentient voice; diplomacy was for the time laid aside, and all, ministers, admirals, secretaries, and aides-de-camp, rushed from the house, and started in a helter-skelter race across country in the direction of Lima and safety. They certainly evinced wisdom in their decision—to have remained would have been almost certain death at the hands of either Peruvians or Chilians, who would not have been able in their excitability to distinguish them as neutrals. Even during their retreat the bullets were falling around them in a very disagreeable and objectionable manner.

Over the walls then, at breakneck speed, flew the President's guests with all the agility of schoolboys, regardless of the bullets that whistled past them, or the shells that hissed through the air and burst over their heads. It was truly an undignified

retreat, but bullets are no respecters of persons, and dignity of office had, in the emergency of the moment, to be disregarded in favor of personal considerations of far greater importance.

The English minister had a narrow escape, being slightly wounded in the hand by a fragment of stone, which had been hurled against him by the explosion of a shell. The French admiral had a still more narrow escape. Shortly after leaving Miraflores, a tall Peruvian trooper rode up to him with uplifted sabre, and was on the point of cutting him down. In this trying moment the admiral's coolness and presence of mind did not desert him. Being unarmed, he drew himself up to his full height (he was a remarkably handsome man of commanding stature), folded his arms, and without uttering a word, gazed proudly and defiantly into the face of his cowardly assailant. The man hesitated, then lowered his sword as if cowed by the attitude of the admiral; then, suddenly, as if repenting his act of clemency, with a bitter imprecation, he raised his sword again and rushed at him, when he was fortunately saved by some of the many fugitives who were hurrying towards Lima, and who, recognizing him as the *Almirante Francesca*, at once proclaimed his identity, when the ruffian rode off in the direction of Lima, and, it is needless to add, *away from where the battle was raging!*

One of the representatives of a foreign nation, being of a somewhat rotund form, and ill adapted, from his habits and general mode of living, to the unusually rapid progression which was necessary in order to get out of the range of the bullets which were flying in all directions, and being also much out of his breath from his unwonted exertions, was literally dragged along by the English minister and admiral, in spite of his urgent

entreaties to be left to his fate. As he was much too heavy to be lifted bodily over the walls, and incapable from exhaustion of climbing over them himself, he was, thanks to the nautical experience and ready resource of the admiral, what in ship phraseology is termed "parbuckled" over them, which consisted in dragging his helpless body up one side of the wall, and rolling him down the other.

The result of this treatment was to reduce the distinguished diplomat to a more exhausted state than ever, and with only sufficient breath in his body to ejaculate the single monosyllable "*Hoch!*" "*Hoch,*" cried one of the bystanders who had been assisting the minister, "that's German for water," and without more ado he seized the diplomatic bell-topper from the head of the minister, rushed to a neighboring stream that was meandering by, filled it with water, and dashed the contents over his face and head.

The remedy was efficacious, for it had the desired effect of reviving the wearied official, and thus enabling him to push on out of danger. In his predicament he was much assisted by a French naval officer who had only arrived on the station the previous day, and who was, therefore, unacquainted with the appearance of the different ministers. This officer succeeded in catching a riderless horse, on which he placed the minister, wet and exhausted, like a sack of potatoes across the saddle, and in this undignified manner escorted him into Lima. It was only on their arrival at the German Legation that the officer discovered that the person to whom he had been so attentive was no other than the German minister!

Another member of the *Corps Diplomatique*, being much overcome by the intense heat and his own unaccustomed exertions, took off his coat and

gave it to a Chinaman who was near by to hold while he climbed over a wall. It is needless to add that by the time his Excellency had alighted on the other side, the astute Chinaman was two fields ahead, making good time towards Lima with the ministerial coat, and the contents of its pockets, in his possession!

The road to Lima was literally thronged the whole of that afternoon with a stream of fugitives from the Peruvian army, camp followers, ambulances conveying the wounded, and

Good Words.

with a strange motley crowd consisting of all sorts and conditions of men, all intent on one object, namely, to gain a place of safety for themselves as soon as possible, and entirely oblivious of everything else.

It was late in the evening before the representatives of the Powers reached Lima; their arrival was quickly followed by the news of the complete victory gained by the Chillians, and the practical annihilation of the Peruvian army.

A. H. Markham.

THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS.

XXII.

From Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, 83 Hans Place, to Sir Richard Etchingham, Tolcarne.

Good morning, Dickory. How do you find yourself to-day? Well, I trust. You need never trouble to be ill, thank you. Illness is a grave fault, and one it would go against my conscience to tolerate in you for a moment, unless it gave me the chance of keeping my hand in as sick nurse. And of me in that capacity you had best beware. I should treat you very harshly, forcing a new-old book upon you every day, and refusing, without consulting the patient, all garden-party invitations that the Bucklands might afford. Ordination only should compel male attendance at a garden-party. Have you ever noticed the sown broadcast smile—pathetic almost in its want of focus and concentration—which the typical clergy assume at a garden-party?

Why are tiresome Mrs. Mammon people even yet more tiresome and impossible when under a tree than

when under a roof? Is failure to adjust themselves to environment at the root of it? And does a garden full of women in garden-party attire, vaguely expressing admiration for their hostess' shrubberies and flower-beds, make you long to hibernate? It does me. First Person Represented: "What a charming effect: pink geranium and white viola. I wish my gardener, etc., etc." Second Person Represented (languidly, and with eyes at the back of her head, as otherwise the charming effect has not come into her line of vision): "Very, very charming. Mrs. Bowanbore has such exquisite taste. Everything is so perfectly kept. (With sudden vivacity) Oh, Mrs. Bowanbore, we were just saying, etc., etc." Richard, how deadly, deadly dull to hear people applaud what they don't admire. Please I will fall asleep and dream of something real till they have quite done.

Would you have me try Christianap Science upon Laura's huffs, or upon her rheumatic gout—which, however, she now says is not rheumatic gout at all but neuritis—"A far more likely

complaint for me to suffer from, Elizabeth, after all this strain." I don't think Christian Science moves huffy temper. The prefacing formula of huffy folk is "I am not annoyed, but still—" The persistent disavowal of annoyance, according to Christian Science doctrine, should dispel it, whilst in reality the disavowal seems to feed the distemper. Mrs. Vivian's friend, Lady Clementine Mure, has, I admit, bettered her state by conversion. A forlorn, kind, backboneless creature, of the sort only comfortable under a despotic form of government, after that very decisive and slightly tyrannical Mr. Mure died, she drifted aimlessly till a Christian Scientist took her in tow. When her husband had no further use for her services she was thrown out of work, poor soul. (Maud Mure carries the rebutting of her mother's good offices to the point of seeming to resent Lady Clementine's existence.) And what excuse in the way of vagaries and depression of spirit is not to be made for the unemployed? The old divine who said he had known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral merely because he had had the management of it, had the rare gift of seeing cause and effect. A fanatical *culte* is essential to the happiness of women like Lady Clementine. Those of her type and of an earlier generation found comfort, I imagine, in sitting under Evangelical clergymen and strewing tracts on the efficacy of prayer in paltry mundane matters. (How aggressively determined to have their own way with Fate some folk are.) For the derivation of the term, Christian Science, I give you Mrs. Vivian's explanation: "They call it Christian Science, though it's neither scientific nor Christian, because two negatives make an affirmative."

But now to business. You were al-

ways obliging, and may I ask you to do just one commission for me? Box your own ears, dear (not brutally). That postscript to your last letter can't go unpunished. Had you told me to guess by word of mouth, and while I could drag the riddle's solution from you after five minutes' suspense, I should have looked upon it as a trial of patience. But to be told by post to guess, and left for days to seethe in tormenting perplexity, I could not have believed it of you, and the deed throws a new and lurid light upon your character. And to treat me so, for whom you profess a very especial kindness. Heaven defend those whom you do not pretend to favor. That they may die before they meet you, will be my prayer. And the expense, too, to which you put me. We have no Tennyson here, and curiosity drove me to the bookseller and brought me back again the richer by a fat emerald-green volume, and the poorer by 7s. 6d. Refund the money, please. Not that I meant to guess. Canny folk, like your sister, not only never sign anonymous letters, but never guess without sufficient evidence for the forming of a correct opinion. It was Goethe, I believe, who said that women have very weak ideas about poetry and think of nothing but the feelings and the words and the verses. I would not for the world put the dead in the wrong—an even baser treachery than speaking ill of the dead—and I should be sorry for Goethe's verdict to find itself challenged by any brilliant poetical criticism of mine. So take notice that I offer what comes as proof, not confutation, of Goethe's dictum.

The Tennyson poems, latterly published, that I think I like best are, the "Hymn to the Sun," with which ends "Akbar's Dream" (write a life of your friend Akbar yourself), "Si-

lent Voices," and "Early Spring." Don't you think the "Hymn to the Sun" exquisite? It seems to me born, not made, and excellence of workmanship or workmanship at all is not suggested by it. If we can separate the thought and the phrase, has not phrasing failed to go as far as felicity of phrasing can? The two should be indissoluble—the word the only complete manifestation of the thought; as a snowdrop can be only manifested in the form of a snowdrop, a rose in the form of a rose.

On Stephen's return to London, I will preach the Gospel of Wordsworth, Coleridge's "Friend of the wise, and teacher of the good." I may not get Stephen to endorse Matthew Arnold's eulogy, but I will make him admit here and there a measure of beauty which brings Wordsworth near Shakespeare. There is one thing, though, for which I don't forgive Wordsworth. The sonnet "Why art Thou Silent," that enshrines the lovely imagery of "a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow" should come from a man to a woman, or a woman to a man. Not from man to—I suppose—Coleridge.

But who can throw a stone at Stephen if he has passed Wordsworth by? The days don't grow longer, and the roll of poet names does. Further than ever removed are the times "When all found readers who could find a rhyme." Paid readers will soon be a necessity, and Mæcenæ will subsidize his *protégé*, not to produce verse, but to read his patron's. As to quality, for another Golden Age of Literature shall we have to wait for another Age of Calamity? Does the Tree of Letters need a winter, a black frost, a severe check, a stern repression? The reign of Mary came before the reign of Elizabeth. The triumphal Elizabethan days followed the days of persecution, which drove

many scholars out of the kingdom and made the pursuit of learning dangerous to those at home. Were a law passed making death the punishment of publication, or even composition, on the law's repeal—perhaps sooner—we might again get something supremely poetic.

Stephen improves on acquaintance, and it looks as if a quite real young woman, Blanche Vivian, takes sufficient interest in him to shake him into activity. Blanche is delightful—frank and unaffected as a pleasant boy, and yet not a hoyden. I can't agree with Mrs. Carstairs in her condemnation of the young girl of the present day and her pastimes. I would rather see, as more hygienic, time spent in cycling and playing hockey than spent in painting china tiles and playing the piano—sheer waste of energy when there is no prospect of excelling in paint-box or piano work.

To return to Stephen, that *fainéant* manner of his is, I think, a pose, and he schools himself to indifference. He does not lack grit, and if some pretty stories cherished by Colonel Leagrave of his school days tell truly, he has pluck enough to be no disgrace to his "for valor" decorated father. And I like his courtesy. "Know, dear brother, that Courtesy is one of the qualities of God Himself, who, of His Courtesy giveth His sun and His rain to the just and the unjust; and Courtesy is the sister of Charity, the which quencheth hate and keepeth love alive."

While looking into Maeterlinck I was reminded by his chapter on silence of the story given in the "Floretti," of King Louis and Brother Giles. When King Louis met Brother Giles the two spoke not the one to the other, but knelt down and embraced with "signs of love and tenderness." And when the Brothers upbraided Brother Giles for discourtesy in having refrained from good words, he answered that

looking on each other's hearts they read each other far better than had they spoken with their mouths, and sought with the weakness of human speech to show forth in words the feelings of the heart. But in what Maeterlinck says of silence, etiquette and habit have to be taken into account. I dare to be silent whilst watching Enticknap's potting operations, nor feel as if without a frantic wrench and speedy flight by the vehicle of speech we should find ourselves on the threshold of "the great kingdom of the dead," or a realm mystic as Omar Khayyám verse. Possibly though, Enticknap on such occasions is not equally unmoved, and, in his queer guttural sounds and half-articulate expression of disgust at the cussedness of things, we have his efforts to escape from the uncanniness fast closing him in.

Do you know Archbishop Secker's first rule of conversation—silence?

Colonel Newton is making his cure at Carlsbad, and I can't help wishing he might continue the process till the end of the chapter. Alice, unmolested, has gathered herself together more or less. She mobilized her forces sufficiently to dine with us last night. She still looks young, and she still looks as if it were possible that life might have something better to give her than the power of enduring distress. Mr. Shipley, for the time being, has taken up his abode with her, and the plan works well. I think she would be glad for him to marry, although his marriage would take him from her to a certain extent. The other day she was saying that she wished he might find himself a wife if only he found the right woman—"some one who would care for him most for what is best in him, though his merits might interfere with social success and the amassing of riches." Alice admires excellence—admires it far more than she admires the diamonds with which Colonel Newton, when first they were married, stored an iron safe of dungeon-like

proportions. She has never learnt to endure the way he ill-uses his dogs and bullies his subordinates. I found her once crying over the parting with her dog. I asked her why she sent him away. "Because Hubert kicks him when he is out of humor with me," she said. Colonel Newton used to think to allay her indignation with presents, and now the presents have ceased, and I think she is glad of it. (Who is it who said "Death, alone of all the gods, loves not a gift?")

Laura is happily occupied in finding reasons for not accepting your invitation to Tolcarne. Certainly, at her rate of travel-preparation progress, if we mean to cross the Border any day this month, we must before going north turn neither south, east, nor west. She is one of the people who prepare and provide for every possible contingency, and to avoid minutes of trifling discomfort, spend hours in painful precautionary measures. Harry, whilst admitting that camel-corps business is child's play compared to the getting of Laura from London to Edinburgh, bids me bear in mind that Land-Transport has been acknowledged by high authority to be a most difficult question. He tells me that in view of the coming campaign he feels bound to remind us that it is thought unadvisable for a convoy to occupy more than one mile of road, which would allow it to consist of from 60 to 180 wagons. "And on no account forget that if oxen are worked in larger companies than 80 wagons you will find yourself in grazing difficulties, Elizabeth. Leave your pack elephants undisturbed if possible from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. daily. Remember that Blake, when loaded up by Laura, will take about as much room as four loaded camels. Send Blair and Atholl if sick or wounded along the Line of Communication as quickly as possible to the Base," etc., etc., etc. He recommends Mrs. Carstairs for Intelligence Department work, since there is nothing san-

guine about her disposition, it being rather of that calm and distrustful order which is acknowledged to be most efficacious for such employment. He promises, too, a list of necessaries. The necessities to include hand hatchets, felling axes, lashing ropes, shovels, crowbars, etc., etc. In discoursing after this fashion he amuses himself, then he strokes Trelawney's coat meditatively, and, poor Harry, sighs. He is taking his repulse to heart.

I shall be thankful, as far as the background goes, to get away from London. The long, hot days in London are very long and hot, and when Pan sleeps there is no hush of omnibuses. I hope that change of air will do Laura good. She has, unfortunately for herself, lost her voice, and so, when she is huffed, we don't hear much about it; a state of affairs Harry likens to artillery without ammunition. Since Laura's dumbness supervened, Admiral Tidenham, whom previously I had on her behalf cultivated, is unavailable as a safety-valve. I thought there was no safer harborage for her lamentations and grievances than Admiral Tidenham's ear-trumpet. She tempered them for transmission by ear-trumpet. (You can't with easy grace accuse those of your own household of heinous offences down an ear-trumpet.) Admiral Tidenham is a kind old fellow, and his talk of armored cruisers, food supply in war, Russian naval expenditure, offends no one that I know but Charles. Sir Augustus, rumors report, is at Pampesford-Royal, and contemplating alterations of the house. If ever there was a dwelling deserving of the house agents' objectionable term of mansion, I feel it is Pampesford-Royal.

Rumor says that Mr. Biggleswade is now at Oxbridge. (The Gainsworthys are his despised relations.) If Cynthia sees him, his rather impertinent attentions may, by force of contrast, do Harry a good turn. "Put your mind at rest; you have made it plain to me that

you have no prejudice against sin, and you may as well let the subject drop," Mrs. Vivian told him when last I saw them together. "I see from the publisher's advertisements that you are in eruption again," she went on to say, and further informed him that she thought she preferred the Elizabethan "frankness" to his. "Yours, you see, Vicar (the Vicar form of address she knows is abhorrent to him), seems an anachronism, and theirs was in keeping with the manners of the age. The coarseness of their verse and sports and jokes, Hugo Ennismore says, tallied." Before he appeared upon the scene she had told me that the title of his new volume is "Love in a Mist," and she wished there was more mist.

What you say makes me disposed to learn piquet. I have gone the length of looking into the book of the game, and the first rules I came across were those that I wish Providence had adopted when framing the rules of life: "Cards accidentally dropped may be retaken." "If the cards are dealt wrongly the error may be rectified before either player has taken up his hand." The following would tie the hands and tongues of meddlers and busybodies: "A bystander calling attention to any error or oversight and thereby affecting the score, may be called upon to pay all stakes and debts of the player whose interest he has prejudicially affected." Poor Mrs. Carstairs, poor countless old women, were this rule of piquet the rule of human existence. To him who hath to him shall be given, etc., seems the idea of piquet as of life. Is piquet the sword-game, do you think?

At last, at Alice Newton's bidding, I have read "The Secret Rose." Owing to your brotherly munificence I am the owner of sundry Indian necklaces, strings of cut and uncut, many-hued stones. If among these I threw a tassel or two of seed-pearls, of gold-dust, of amber, of jade, of crystal, as much,

Sir, as you will; if to these I added a raven's feather and the feather of a swan, "a lily pale," a damask rose (crimson), a sprig of funeral yew; and if then I could dream of a rainbow reflected in silver mirror and stars reflected in cypress-circled pool, I should get the feeling that I had read "The Secret Rose." You would esteem the curse of Hanrahan the Red. I quite enter into the sentiment of it, and the insufficient reasons for the various damnations please me. In certain moods I feel disposed to call down fire from Heaven and consume some one, because in my mind's eye I always see her in a bonnet of a certain hue, or upon another because, when I am impatient to be gone, he is rather longer over his dinner than is a dog.

Which day do you come to London? It must be before we go. Don't let us have for stage directions again, Exit Elizabeth, Enter Sir Richard. I really must see you, and there are plans to discuss. The present situation is untenable, and somebody must retire or show a change of front. But I won't give an opinion in family conclave till I have heard yours. Harry says, "Chuck the whole thing up," by which he means "chuck up" Hans Place, and he speaks of a flat at Albert Gate or in Sloane Gardens for the two of us, or if alone, his old quarters in Duke Street. I being partly responsible for the rent of this house, which we took on a seven-fourteen-twenty-one years' lease (Laura seemed to wish the future to be a fixture as far as we could make it one), I am not free to leave without a month's notice. We might let the house. Houses do let in this part of the world, and Laura could put herself and Cynthia into a smaller dwelling-place if she would. Aunt Jane says, "You and dear Harry have always a home in Chester Square." But nothing would induce Harry to go there. Aunt Jane is very kind, but her sympathy and partisan-

ship have of late become rather too marked for the preservation of peace. Since her talebearing old maid learnt from Blake that "her ladyship wants so much waiting on that she can't do Miss Etchingham justice," Aunt Jane's bearing is that of the benevolent aunt of a Cinderella ill-treated by a stepmother. "Dear Elizabeth was always used to this and that," she tells Laura pointedly, and Laura in consequence no longer considers Aunt Jane in need of a champion, and shamefully neglected by every member of the family but herself.

Now write "before three suns" and tell me which is your Tennyson poem, and let the letter be a "best selected" letter. Those letters that can be read aloud to Laura or carried round to Chester Square are nothing very much to me. I like the letters from you that I understand, but which, did they fall into the enemy's or the uninitiated's hands, would provoke the enemy or uninitiated to say in irritated accents, "What in the world is all this about?" A letter, not of commerce, should but be possible from its sender to its recipient, and should bear the impress of both like a gift.

Farewell, Dickory. "Yours in that which no waters can quench, no time forget, nor distance wear away."

Elizabeth.

P. S.—Blair and Atholl have not been quite themselves, but are now convalescent. They send you a message: "In thought we gently ruffle ourselves against Sir Richard's hand." Trelawney, cat of my heart, on hearing this, and not to be outdone in dutiful affection, said, "When I think of Sir Richard I purr involuntarily."

XXIII.

From Sir Richard Etchingham, Tolcarne, to Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, 83 Hans Place.

My Dear Elizabeth:—Speak not of garden parties, or rather do, for Mrs.

Follett is much comforted by your opinion of them. Last week she was set upon in intervals of tea and croquet, within about half an hour, by six other clergymen's wives, who wanted to know exactly why that excellent young man Mr. Weekes had gone away; likewise Mr. Follett's opinions on ritual. She gave them six different and wildly inconsistent answers, and hopes they will be edified when they compare notes.

We agree pretty well about Tennyson's latest poems, I think. But the one I had in mind is not of that set; it dates from several years before. I mean the lines to Virgil written at the request of the Mantuans. (Stephen Legrave must needs write Vergil with an *e*. I will not alter a name fixed in English literature for centuries, because the true Latin form has turned out to be Vergilius, any more than I will write Muhammad for Mahomet or Quran for Koran when I am writing English.) There is to my thinking no more perfect example of Tennyson's mature art. A novel and impressive metrical form, which would alone have gone far to make a new poet's reputation, is the least of its perfections. It is full of Virgilian scholarship and exquisite Virgilian echoes, and there are lines in it which for pure harmony cannot be surpassed even in "Lycidas." This, for example, which I see people are beginning to use as a quotation:—

All the charm of all the Muses,
often flowering in a lonely word.

Still more choice, perhaps, is this:—

Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaberious earth and oarless sea.

And then the delicate conceit of the Italian form brought in at the end; something of risk in it, if you will, but such risk as only the consummate masters of language know how to take and use:—

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day
began,
Wielder of the stateldest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

Just so would Virgil, if called on to celebrate a Greek poet, have delighted to play with some rarely sounding Greek name like his *Actias Orithya*, or close on some fuller half-exotic cadence like that of his wonderful line—

armatumque auro circumspicit Ori-
ona.

Not that the lines to Virgil are Tennyson's greatest work, or in the strict sense a great poem. But they are a jewel of workmanship in a difficult kind, absolute in its kind, and such as Tennyson alone, in our time, could have wrought with such a combination of high dignity and minute felicity.

Now and then I wonder why Tennyson did not strive to emulate Virgil and Milton in their use of proper names to ornament verse. Perhaps he felt that Milton had done it in English once for all. Mr. Swinburne, I suppose, is of the same opinion. He knows Victor Hugo's work intimately, as Tennyson did not; and I believe Victor Hugo is the only modern poet who has habitually aimed at that sort of effect. It would be unkind to ask Mr. Swinburne whether he thinks Victor Hugo succeeded, as unkind as to ask us oldish fellows, who were carried off our legs by "Songs before Sunrise" a quarter of a century ago, to go back on it now and pick out the inequalities. My own feeling, with submission to French critics, is that Victor Hugo did not succeed with his proper names on the whole. They are imposing only by chance; he could not handle them with Virgil's or Milton's perfect choice and sureness, and sometimes he gives us nothing but a jaw-breaking catalogue for the space of two or three couplets. Leconte de Lisle (a poet whom English scholars

ought to be better acquainted with) occasionally gives signs that he could have achieved more in this line if he chose. All this without prejudice to maintaining old father Hugo's fame, in other respects, *contra mundum*. Have you still that precious, thumbled, bedamped, bedusted, pencil-marked, travel-beaten volume of the "*Légende des Siècles*," in which we read his masterpieces together? I shall never get so much pleasure from the final *ne varietur* edition: the pieces are all shuffled about, as I found the pictures at the Louvre, and I can't lay my hand on an old favorite without a hunt. But Lord! (I thank Mr. Pepys daily for that convenient form of breaking off) to think how few English people know that French poetry is a kingdom of itself, and richly worth taking the trouble to enter into. Perhaps M. Rostand may be the destined missionary. So many English folk have bought "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" that I suppose a good many must be reading it who never read any French verse before. And M. Rostand's verse—leaving it to the French critics to settle the precise degree of excellence—is certainly very good.

Maeterlinck, Maeterlinck, and Maeterlinck! Stephen Legrave has been preaching him to Margaret and me. We feel rebellious. There are pretty things, some fine ones, and Maeterlinck has doubtless made a manner of his own. But can you believe that this modern mysticism will come to more than a curious literary phase to be chronicled in the school books of the later twentieth century? Real speculative mysticism is lofty and splendid while it holds together—and perhaps more of it is true than the formal philosophers allow. In decay it is odious. By no means is it the case that "*les morecaux en sont bons*." The bits, when it breaks up, relapse into disgusting superstition. I have seen "*The Secret Rose*," too; it gives me more pleasure than Maeterlinck. And I don't see why it is not

quite as good work. I believe, however, that they do these things better in the East, and I doubt if the clever young men of our day can get into anything but a backwater by competing with the East or even the Catholic Middle Ages.

Piquet does seem to be connected with the Italian *picche*—which became *pique* in French, as for us the equivalent *spade* became the suit of spades; but the connection is none too clear. I can only refer you to Cavendish's historical introduction.

The enclosed letter from Jem will have some interest for you. I am not sorry about Cynthia. She may appreciate a gentleman better after having to suffer a pretentious cad. I add a translation of the curse.

Our brother Charles is off to command his fate, if he can, in Dampshire. After this week I am free for London when you please. Let me have your orders accordingly. Margaret is keen on hearing some good music; there are not even any musical people here. The Folletts would like to be, but have no time to keep it up.

Your loving brother,

Richard.

XXIV.

(Enclosed in No. XXIII.)

From James Etchingham, Silvertoe College, Oxbridge, to Sir Richard Etchingham.

My Dear Sir Richard,—Our young friend Arthur's work will do, I think. When I was at Eton last week—a mighty pretty ride from Oxbridge—Lytewell let me see some composition of his, which was really well turned, and showed a good grip of the language for his age.

I have been meeting another young friend of yours at the Gainsworthys', a Miss Legrave—immature, but pleasing so far as she goes, and she seemed dis-

posed to expand. I dare say she was hampered by the formal, old-fashioned ways of her well-meaning hosts. They bristle with prejudices and find something to be shocked at in every new person who makes their acquaintance unless he or she comes to them with some sort of reputation, in which case they assume with the most touching simplicity that it must be all right. So they tolerate, or more than tolerate, that intolerable ass and impostor Biggleswade, whom Aristophanes would have called— [Marginal note by Sir R. E. "Here follow some epithets which, being Greek, you could not read, nor should I recommend most of them for your reading if you could. So I have cut off those few lines at the bottom of the page."]

Pity that such corruptions breed in the sun of learning at times. The beast was rather offensively attentive to Miss Legrave. I am bound to say for her that she seemed to dislike it thoroughly; her mind is unformed, but I guess her instincts are pretty sound. If Mrs. Gainsworthy had been a person of any gumption she would have rescued the poor girl. But she smiled and looked on fatuously, no doubt supposing that Miss Legrave was much honored by the conversation of a distinguished author. What d—d idiots good people can be!

Blunham and I have been cursing the common dog for the last fortnight. Hunter, one of our promising scholars (a history man, so I don't see much of his work myself), was out cycling with Blunham, and as they were coming home a big loafing village dog turned right across Hunter's wheel and brought him down with a broken collar-bone. Wheeling, like mountaineering, has some unavoidable accidents besides the (a plus 1) avoidable ones. Lucky it was not Blunham, who is in for the Schools this term, both for himself and for the College; and it was one of the

first remarks Hunter made, which does him credit. He is a cheerful man, and has been finding amusement in learning to do as much as he can with his left hand. I suggested a trial of Leonardo da Vinci's trick-writing, reversed from right to left, to be read in a mirror; and he finds it really comes easier to the left hand that way. Blunham and I revisited that village within a few days and found the dog as fat and well-liking as could be. He was too large to be run over, and seemed not to have minded at all. So we could only relieve our feelings and Hunter's with a curse. I got it a little touched up by Shipley one day when we met in town; of course he would have done it better. Still, it may amuse you and Mr. Follett.

Incipit excommunicatio canina.

Maledictus sit canis ille impudentissimus qui scholarem nostrum de rota eversit.

Maledictus sit cum omnibus malis canibus qui a principio mundi maledicti sunt.

Maledictus sit cum canibus Samaritanis qui carnes reginae Iezabel comederunt.

Maledictus sit cum latratore Anubi et ceteris daemonibus cynocephalis quot unquam in Aegypto latraverunt.

Procul sint ab ipso omnes benedictiones quas boni canes meriti sunt in caelo vel terra.

Minime videat annos Argi, neque cum angelis ambulet sicut canis Tobiae.

Maledictus sit per canes caelestes Sirius et Procyonem et Canes Venaticos.

Maledictus sit in triplici maledictione per Cerberum canem infernum et per tria capita eius.

Maledictus sit coram domina regina ea coram comitatu per omnes constitutiones de capistris imponendis.

Maledictus sit etiam per omnia rotabilla quae fecit Dominus, per primum mobile firmamenti et per gyrationes

eius, per stellas, per planetas, et per polum, per solem, per lunam, per terram, et per omnium angelorum potentiam qui revolutiones ipsorum regunt.

Maledictus sit in ventorum circulis et in oceani gurgitibus.

Maledictus sit per rotam motricem universi quae est materia et per rotam directricem quae est spiritus et per catenam quae est ipsorum harmonia praestabilita.

Maledictus sit per rotas animalium alatorum quae vidit Ezechiel propheta et per eorum volubilitatem in saecula.

Opprimat eum Fortunae improbae rota et semper in infimam sortem declat.

Torqueatur super rotam Ixionis et frangatur sicut rotae curruum Pharaonis.

Maledictus sit in orbe rotundo ac perfecto maledictionum. Fiat, fiat.

Explicit.

Otherwise the chief news of this ever-being-reformed University is that we have been without a burning question for two whole terms.

Yours ever,

James Etchingham.

XXIVa.

(Enclosed in No. XXIII.)

Translation.

Here beginneth the excommunication of the Dog.

Cursed be this dog of infinite wickedness who upset our scholar from his wheel.

Cursed be he with all evil dogs which have been cursed from the beginning of the world.

Cursed be he with the dogs of Samaria which ate the body of queen Jezebel.

Cursed be he with the barking god Anubis and all other dog-headed devils that ever barked in Egypt.

May all the blessings earned by good dogs in heaven or earth be far from him.

Let him in no wise see the age of Argus, nor walk with angels like Tobit's dog.

Cursed be he by the heavenly dogs Sirius and Procyon and by the Hunting Dogs.

Cursed be he with a threefold curse by the hell-bound Cerberus and his three heads.

Cursed be he before our Lady the Queen and before the County Council by all and every the muzzling orders.

Cursed be he likewise by all wheeling things which the Lord hath made, by the prime mover of the firmament and his rotation, by the stars, the planets, the pole, the sun, the moon, and the earth, and by the power of all the angels who govern their revolutions.

Cursed be he in cyclones and cursed in whirlpools.

Cursed be he by the driving wheel of the universe, which is matter, and by the steering wheel, which is spirit, and by the chain, which is the pre-established harmony thereof.

Cursed be he for ever by the wheels of the winged living creatures which Ezekiel the prophet saw and by the swiftness of their rolling.

Let the wheel of Fortune in her wrath crush him and ever cast him down to the meanest fate.

Let him be whirled upon Ixion's wheel and broken even as the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots.

Cursed be he in a whole and perfect round of cursing. So be it.

A true version.—R. E.

FROM THE NEW GIBBON.

The close of the nineteenth century beheld the British Empire at the highest pitch of its prosperity. The records of every contemporary nation celebrate, while they envy, the multitude of its subjects and the orderly felicity of its citizens. Its frontiers comprehended the fairest regions of the earth; and its authority extended alike over the most dutiful of daughter-peoples and the wildest and most sequestered barbarians. The judicious delegation of the minor prerogatives of government conciliated the free affections of the Colonies; and the ruder dependencies were maintained in contented, if unenthusiastic submission by the valor, the conduct, and the impartial justice of their alien administrators. Two centuries of empire had seemed insufficient to oppress or enervate the virile and adventurous spirit of the British race. It tempted the ardors of the Sudan sun at midsummer, and cheerfully sustained the rigors of the icy winter of the Klondyke. While the hardy soldier defended and continually propagated the distant boundaries of Victoria's dominions, the tranquil and prosperous state of the British Islands was deeply felt, if grudgingly admitted, by every class of their population. There, if anywhere on the earth, was to be found wholesome public feeling untainted by faction and wealth, unobnoxious to jealousy. The distinction of Conservative and Liberal preserved the name of party government without its substance; and the purely formal opposition of denominations, rather than of principles, served as a useful check on the dominant party without risk of cataclysm in the general policy of

the State. The example of France, her secular enemy, emphasized the just complacency with which Britain seemed to regard her condition. The republic groaned under an alternation of license and tyranny; the monarchy breathed freely in the reasonable acceptance of laws, enacted honestly for the general good, and applied indifferently by judges of grave sacrosanctity. In her foreign relations France alternately intrigued and precipitately withdrew from the consequences of her duplicity; Britain pursued her designs with unyielding tenacity, but in uninjurious silence. Unvexed by the conscription which weighed upon their neighbors, and secure in the protection of their invincible navy, the people affected the arts of peace, and received the accustomed reward of a single devotion. The workshop of the world since two generations, Britain neither dreaded the competition of strangers nor listened to the cautions of the more sagacious of her own children. The "Recessional" of the sublime Kipling and the economic speculations of the inquisitive but censorious Mallock fell alike unheeded on the ears of those who were content to argue that the condition of the lower orders, though insufficient to their own appetite, was luxurious compared to that of their fellows abroad, while the easy splendor of the rich inflamed the emulation of all mankind; and that the public Exchequer supported with facility all burdens which the ever-increasing exigencies of the Empire might impose.

It was scarcely possible that the eyes of contemporaries should discern in the public felicity the latest

causes of decay and corruption. To the vulgar mind the British Empire was a triumphant proof of the possibility, as of the blessings, of a wise democracy; yet in that very process of democracy were inherent the seeds of ruin. In the domain of Government the political genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, its bias toward compromise and detestation of extremity, surmounted with impunity experiments that would have proved fatal to any other people less singularly endowed. But while the leaders of the nation were satisfied with promoting or seeking to retard the popular encroachment upon the functions of Government, democracy infused a slower and more secret poison into the vitals of society. If the opinion of the vulgar was unacknowledged in Parliament, in every other department of life it insensibly permeated the whole spirit of the people. It became a maxim of imperial policy, a law of social development, a canon of taste. The Englishman of the beginning of the nineteenth century was accustomed to demand that his policy should be glorious, the accessories of his daily life unsurpassed in quality, the objects of his æsthetic admiration beautiful. The Englishman of the end of that period of decadence was content if they were cheap.

The student of that age will find melancholy evidence of degeneration in the printed records, and especially in the newspapers, of the time. The reported speeches of public men, the venal arguments of leader-writers, the tatling of the parasites of fashion, the statistics of the markets, the very advertisements, bear unanimous testimony to the debased ideas which then enjoyed a ready and unprotested currency. The empire, that magnificent fabric founded upon the generous impulse to conquer and to rule, was now formally regarded as a

mere machine for the acquisition of pounds sterling. A Palmerston and a Disraeli had been the spokesmen of the earlier Imperialism; the later found its apt mouthpiece in a Chamberlain. The masterful truculence of the British gentleman, and the opulent imagination of the Anglicized Jew, this generation cheerfully exchanged for the ambitions of a manufacturer fostered by the arts of a demagogue. Gifted with an extraordinary intuition of the changing predilections of his countrymen, Chamberlain was enabled to turn, to the advantage of his own popularity, the flood of patriotism which rose in the decadé between the first and second Jubilees of Queen Victoria. He became the high-priest of what was fondly saluted as the new Imperialism, on the lips of whose votaries British Empire was synonymous with British commerce. His declamations, while they will reward the curious investigator with little that is either original in thought or elegant in expression, proclaim but too eloquently the altered feelings with which the later Britons regarded their greatness. Where they had once resolved to possess, they now aspired but to trade.

The jargon of the day clamored for "the open door," by which phrase was understood a market which British products could enter on terms of fiscal equality with those of the rest of the world. In the manlier age of Drake and Hawkins, Britain had opened her own door for herself; now her diplomacy all but petitioned for an equality of treatment which the growing incapacity of her own traders must, in any event, have rendered fruitless. Among the strange ironies which the historian of this period finds himself compelled to record, none is more deeply ironical than the fact that, in proportion as the nation came to re-

gard commerce as its highest and only weal, so commerce itself lost vitality and astuteness. The degeneracy of the people spread to that very activity to which they had sacrificed their nobler sentiments of empire; and while arms and justice, arts and letters, were postponed in the general estimation to manufacture and trade, these mercenary avocations were themselves pursued without energy and almost without common shrewdness. Like the ostrich of mythology, her head buried in the sand of obsolete traditions and antiquated success, Britain alone of the nations of Europe refused to educate her commercial travellers or to accede to the terms of payment required by her customers, clung to her chaotic weights and measures, and haughtily announced to the world that it must forego such goods as its wants demanded, and purchase only what Britain was pleased to sell. In Germany, in Belgium, and in the United States sprang up keen and victorious competition; and though the vast wealth of England was as yet almost unimpaired, a few sagacious minds, while impartially blind to the more fatal deterioration of the nation's spirit, were already enabled to foresee and to predict the approaching disasters to its traffic.

At the same time, as it was thus sought, by menace or persuasion, to extend the principles of Free Trade abroad, at home they were eating, like a deep and consuming canker, into the very marrow of Britain. The insidious principles of Bright and Cobden had made her the workshop of the whole world; but they brought to her the physical debility of the workman as well as his wages. The profits of the manufacturer and the cheap food of the operative were paid for by the starvation of the hind, the bankruptcy of the farmer, and the

ruin of the landowner. On every industrial benefit followed an agricultural calamity; and the prosperity of the town was remorselessly attended by the beggary of the hamlet. The movement of the population accompanied, as in every age, the distribution of wealth; so that the towns distended to cities, and the hamlets disappeared in a wilderness.

The effects of life in cities were apparent and pernicious. But for the unbroken attestation of both printed and pictured records, it would be difficult indeed to credit the full horrors exhibited by such districts as Lancashire or the Black Country, at the end of the nineteenth century. There the wildest flights of hyperbole were equalled and exceeded by dismal truth, and the sun was literally obscured at noonday. A host of ungainly chimneys loaded the air with poisonous fumes which oppressed the hardest species of vegetation. The inhabitants, penned up by day in close factories or the dimmer and more stifling obscurity of mines, herded by night in crowded tenements, were pale, sickly and meagre; and, by a malignant decree of nature, the species became more and more prolific in proportion as they transmitted less vigor to their offspring. The philosopher of that age observed that the immigrant countrymen supported the unwholesome conditions of the towns better than the feebler natives, and that their superior robustness conferred an advantage in the competition for employment; but the second and third generations dissolved away in equal languor under the pestilent circumstances of an unnatural existence. The momentary profit of the fathers was visited in debility on the children, and served only to precipitate the speed of this hideous process of degeneration.

The universal experience of man-

kind confirms the opinion that the sole defence of a nation against external enmity lies in the preservation of a robust and high-spirited peasantry. The British farm-laborer had found himself naturally possessed of many of the qualities requisite for a soldier. His form was vigorous, and inured to hardship and privation. He had a natural habit of obedience, and in many instances was already proficient in the use of weapons and accustomed by the pursuit of game to the simpler operations of war. The children of the factory, from whom it now became necessary to recruit the army, had none of these capacities; they were feeble in body, insubordinate in temper, and habituated by experience to a mode of life which rendered them awkward and discontented in the field. As yet, however, the British army showed but few signs of deterioration from the standards of its glorious history. The courage of its legionaries was unbroken, and its officers, besides training them in peace and leading them in war with matchless courage and coolness, found superfluous energy to raise and discipline auxiliary troops hardly, if at all, inferior to the British regiments themselves. Northern India and the basins of the Upper Nile and Niger supplied excellent soldiers, who proved their valor and endurance in all the wars of the end of the nineteenth century. They constituted the major part of the successful expeditions to Tlrah, to Khartum, and to Bida; but the very strength they brought to British arms was an insidious source of decline. As the warlike spirit and manly force of the white races succumbed to the enervating influence of industrial civilization, the Government of London relied more and more on the martial virtue of its subject barbarians. These, whether in India or Africa, were as

forward in the field as the British regiments, and undertook, almost unaided by them, the necessary fatigues which contribute even more than the sword to the successful prosecution of a campaign. It was, perhaps, an inevitable consequence of the imperial fate which impelled Britons to make war in every clime; since the severities of the Afghan winter, which chilled the courage of the British troops, were scarcely felt by the hardy children of Nepal; while the Sudanese and Hausas, in their turn, were better able to resist the beams of an African sun. But it was significant, if as yet unnoticed, that the masters of the Empire grew either less able or less willing to risk their own troops in its unhealthier regions, and were yearly more disposed to delegate their defence to a mercenary army. The indomitable spirit of the English gentleman prompted him to seek martial enterprises at the head of the alien levies, whose continual service proffered the fairest chance of action and honor; and the mass of the people, relieved of the cares of personal service, sank contentedly into the languid indifference of civil life. Black men and brown men, flanked with an increasingly inconsiderable proportion of white troops, won the British victories; and the cheaply fed British citizens were content to sit and acclaim their prowess from the galleries of the music-halls.

In sport, as in its analogue, war, the British degenerated with frightful rapidity. The very word had lost its original connotation; and the honorable name proper to the manly exercises of hunting, shooting, and fishing, whose charm consists in matching man's strength and cunning against that of wild nature, was usurped by childish or plebeian exhibitions of mere brute strength and agility. The Briton found his pleasure in bestrid-

ing a bicycle instead of a horse, in striking a tennis-ball instead of a wild-fowl; nor was he even sensible of the degradation that could prefer a mechanical toy to a living creature with a will independent of, yet conformable to, his own. Even the older and more reputable games, like cricket, football, and skittles, which might have defended themselves as affording at least a semblance of wholesome activity to the youth of towns, were turned by a truly devilish ingenuity into engines of enervation and decay. It ceased to be fashionable to join personally in these spasmodic but active pastimes. The populace thronged to them in thousands, but only to pay for the privilege of witnessing as lazy spectators recreations which were fondly called national. Some of these exhibitions were more than merely effeminate; active corruption was added in allurements to drunkenness, and in a factious partisanship which sometimes blew up to brutal assaults on the umpires of the game, and was always a fertile source of gambling. In their amusements, as in their wars, Britons ceased to play a personal part, finding a substitute for the vigorous sports of their fathers in the force and address of well-paid mercenaries, which in a more strenuous age would have rebuked the insolent softness of those who pampered them.

Personal force and military hardihood were the price which Britain paid for cheap imported food; the other cheap commodities in which the people delighted were purchased at a no less ruinous rate. In every department of social life the tendency of this age was the same, leading to the concentration of every industry into huge establishments controlled by a few heads, and succeeding, by the preponderance of their resources, in underselling the enterprises of

small private traders. The Londoner of this period bought his food, his clothing, his furniture, his books and newspapers, his very tobacco, from companies, stores, and amalgamations, which counted the volume of their traffic by millions, and their profits by hundreds of thousands of pounds, their emporia by scores, and their employees by thousands. The tradesmen of the preceding generation were thankful to become the managers and the shopwalkers of their inflated supplanters, and earned a livelihood by disposing of goods for their masters at a third of the price they had formerly asked and obtained for themselves. The plausible sophistries of political economy celebrated the commercial revolution as a triumph of the division of labor; but its moral effect on the people was as far-reaching as it was pernicious. Commercial power, hitherto divided with an approach to equality among a thousand merchants, now rested with a few groups, who absorbed and magnified the profits due to the labors of their subordinates. On these the status of inferiority, without responsibility or opportunity, worked its necessary effect: they no longer possessed that vigor of character which is nourished by the consciousness of self-dependence and the habit of individual judgment. When, as became ever more frequent, a great business was in the control of a limited company, the rigor of a subordination verged upon the hopelessness of serfdom. The clerk of a personal employer might aspire for a partnership, and confidently demand humanity; but the servant of a body of directors sighed in vain for a position either of authority or of reasonable comfort. In this organization of business, the peculiar product of the Victorian age, the sense of responsibility slipped from the directors as from the directed; it

was not their concern, so they argued, if employees were underpaid, or the public cheated; all that was done was in the name and the interests of the shareholders. These, in their turn, passing back their consciences to the directors, were satisfied to cloak their vicarious wickedness with a convenient ignorance.

While the fires of ambition were extinguished in the breasts of the lower, and the voice of conscience silenced among the higher, circles of commerce, a particular corruption was reserved for the consumers. The wives of artisans and laborers had hitherto looked to their own industry for the clothing of themselves and their children,—as the smaller conveniences of the slender household had been made in moments of leisure by the labor of the husband. The new methods of trading cheapened everything, and especially clothing, to a price within the compass of the poorest; but in doing so it rudely broke the tie which bound the lower classes to their homes. The wife, who had been wont to pass the evening in the manufacture of garments for her children, now bought them at some great emporium; and, emancipated at once from the necessity of work and the practice of frugality, devoted the evenings to idle gossip or empty frivolity. On her trivial excursions she would be accompanied by her young children, which exposed their delicate immaturity to cold at the hours when it should have been fortified by sleep. The husband and father, no longer finding in his home the companionship craved by his brief hours of relaxation, sought it with better success at one of the gaudy public-houses, whose lights at the corner of every street attested the vices and misfortunes of the poor. The happy home of the British plebeian passed from a reality to a proverb and from

a proverb to a fable, and the fair picture of the past gave place to a blur of drunkenness, indolence, and disease.

The prevailing deterioration, which did not overlook the lowest, fastened greedily upon the highest ranks of the population. The Court, as a standard of polite manners, had almost ceased to exist. The retired life of the venerable Victoria during her later years left the leadership of fashion vacant, and the landed nobility was too impoverished, as well as too proud, to struggle for the vicegerency. The field of so-called society was left open to any adventurer with the effrontery to usurp it. Thus arose an inner circle of fashion, or, to call it by its contemporary and more appropriate name, of smartness, based neither upon birth nor elegance of manners, nor even invariably upon wealth, but rather upon a bold and clever arrogance, and supported in the general estimation mainly by brazen advertisement. An aristocracy of birth may be unintelligent, but it has usually fixed and sustained a high standard of deportment and, within certain limitations, of conduct. But a society like that of London, where the loudest voice was the most eagerly listened to, was immediately fatal to every canon of propriety and good taste. In effrontery of demeanor, in license of speech, in gaudiness of dress, in the very use of paints and cosmetics, the English women of fashion drifted farther and farther from their fathers' modest ideal of a lady; till at length there was not wanting the final scandal of women with honest reputations studying and imitating, with a too easy fidelity, the costumes and allurements of the most notorious French courtesans.

The love of letters might have been expected to oppose a barrier to the all-conquering vulgarity of the age. It was diffused over every class of society; the commonest laborers had ac-

quired a taste for reading: Tennyson and Hall Caine were the theme of dissertations in the mining centres of the north and the pulpits of dissenting chapels. Never had books been so abundantly published or so widely read; the general average of literary merit had never been so high; but this age of mediocrity passed away without having produced a single writer of original genius, or who excelled in the arts of elegant composition. With the vast increase of readers promoted by the spread of elementary education, the social standing, as the monetary rewards, of authorship increased in equal proportion; but this cause, while it lowered the standard of taste, at once inflamed the cupidity and diverted the ambitions of men of letters; and what once had been a single-minded devotion degenerated into a trade, pursued rather for its accidental emoluments than for its intrinsic charm. The rates of pay of novelists were quoted by the agents like the prices of stock on the Exchange, or the chances of a horse-race; and he who, by economizing his genius, might have been a master, squandered his stores in profuse overproduction. With the plethora of books came a surfeit of commentaries on work which juster canons would have left to the revision of posterity. A cloud of critics, of anthologists, and of log-rollers darkened the face of letters, and upon the decline of genius soon followed the corruption of taste. The last outrage upon the language of Shakespeare and Fielding was a swarm of periodical leaflets concocted of illiterate novelettes, unmeaning statistics, American jests, and infantile puzzles: they were consumed in prodigious quantities by the lower orders, and, by ruining the business of those who purveyed sincere if not masterly compositions, contributed more than any other cause to the

debasement and final extinction of English letters.

With the proud spirit of empire sunk into the narrow greed of the shareholder: with physical force at its ebb, sports corrupted, and martial spirit tamed: with domestic business so organized that it stifled individuality and fostered dishonest miserliness among traders, and invited the depravity of customers: with elegant manners and polite letters a tasteless echo of the half-forgotten past—the British Empire entered upon the twentieth century under the gloomiest auspices. To the acuter eyes of succeeding generations that gloom is heightened by the reflection that the mutterings of the coming earthquake were all unheard by contemporaries: that they prided themselves on the greatness of their dominion, and hugged the specious perfection of their civilization. Yet decline was already accomplished and irremediable, and fall was but too surely impending. The fair city still stood, but *men* were wanting within it. Vulgarly, mediocrity, and cheapness had warped and stunted the most generous natures. The minds of all were reduced to the same level, the high spirit of empire evaporated, and little interests, with sordid emotions, inspired every soul. Civilization had completed its work in the suppression of the individual, and the British, the most virile of barbarians, the most forward and energetic of mankind, were dissipated by their very virtues as the first to experience the dire results of its consummation. The diminutive stature of mankind was daily sinking below the old standard: Britain was indeed peopled by a race of pigmies, and the puny breed awaited only the onset of the first crisis to become the woeful patient of defeat and ruin.

MADAME POULARD'S DAY-DREAMS.

"Oh, *Seigneur!* what a noise. One cannot make oneself heard. What does he want, then, this Joseph, that he whines so?"

Madame Poulard laid down her distaff, and looked half apologetically, half nervously, at the barber's wife, who was in the midst of a most thrilling scene involving many of the surrounding reputations, and who must therefore be conciliated at least till the end of the tale. Then her eyes turned to the open door, where on the step her two grandchildren sat playing with Joseph, the shoemaker's black puppy. Joseph and Reine and Alphonsine were very intimate, and most of their life was spent on their grandmother's doorstep.

Madame Poulard was small and brown and crumpled like a chestnut,—the kind they make rosaries of in Italy. She was old, but her hair was still brown, and her eyes, which had been her chief dowry, had worn well. Her cap was indescribable, being a Breton cap of the most elaborate kind, a thing of twists and curves and streamers; her collar, white and goffered, reached far beyond her shoulders, and as she sat spinning in her kitchen she looked a pretty, peevish old woman, as in days gone by she had looked a pretty, peevish young woman. She lived in her kitchen with a row of green bowls on the dresser, and spoke seldom except when the barber's wife looked in to gossip. She wasn't at all pleased with her life, Madame Poulard; she wanted more honor and glory, and there was none to be had in the present, so she retired to the past, only coming back now and then to slap her grandchildren. She sat in the corner spinning, and remembering the days of milk and honey.

We all have our dreams, and hers had

been a wholesale grocer's shop (the grocer was there, to her hand so to say,)—a beautiful shop, shelf after shelf of *chocolat Planteur* merging into coffee, rice, soap, candles and sardines. Not only so, but he, the grocer, had discovered how long and brown and sleepy her eyes were, so that it was all going well; she would occupy the first position in the country round and sit behind the counter on market-days wearing a cashmere apron, as one does who gives directions and converses while others weigh and measure.

Ah, how well it all promised! She had quite loved her young grocer; and then suddenly it went wrong. One evening she walked into her shop that was to be, and found a crowd in the back-parlor and laughter and voices and biscuits and a bottle of wine; the sun kept her from seeing anything but dark forms against the window, but they all seemed glad to see her and to think her coming very appropriate, and her fat father-in-law patted her on the back, and called her a good girl, and said that she had just come in time to see her brother-in-law, and her heart sank. For the love she had for her wholesale grocer was of the quality suited to eldest sons who inherit; and here she found she had been wrong all the time, and had been squandering all her smiles and her dreamy looks on a younger son with no position and no counter, while here was the one she really loved come from over the sea with a ready-made wife!

When Madame Poulard reached this part of the story, she invariably lost her temper. She dropped her distaff, scolded Alphonsine and Reine, and slammed the door on the puppy, so that they had to leave their doorstep and their play and hope for a better mood

after tea. Then she would pick up her work and go on with the story and be comforted. In any case there had been no mistake about Poulard. As the elder Poulard she had loved him, and Poulard the elder he was, and continued to be. And though the grocer's shop had faded, and the candles and the sardines had never existed, still, the memory of her wedding, as at last it had taken place, was soothing. It had lasted for three days, after the manner of the best Breton weddings. On the first day they were married, she and Poulard Aîné, he wearing a waistcoat stitched with yellow and a broadbrimmed beaver hat with flowing ribands, and she, a black gown with velvet bands and a lace cap lined with blue, to please the Virgin in whose month of May the wedding was held. On the second day, she and Poulard drove in a big cart accompanied by her oak cupboard with brass hinges, twenty-four unbleached linen chemises, a pair of copper snuffers, and her brown eyes, which (as has been already said) were her chief possession. They drove then, slowly, and with few words, there being no further need for conversation now that the thing was done. When they passed a cottage, the woman came out and looked at the cupboard, and understood and envied. At length they stopped in a village; it was evening, and Poulard drove to a small house having a green bough hanging over the door, and against the wall a board with the words freshly painted, "Bar: Lucien Poulard provides food, drink, and lodging for man and beast." This was a pleasant prosperous memory; this green bough swinging in the wind meant carts drawn up by the wayside, and thirsty people and vermouth and seltz and cognac and sirup and cider. And the fact of Lucien Poulard's being prepared to supply man and beast with food, drink, and lodging meant fairs and markets and country

waggon, and baskets of butter and eggs, and yellow plums, and stalls in the square opposite the church, and round brown women in blue aprons, and a full stable. It meant empty baskets in the afternoon, and hungry people, and long narrow tables, and fried tripe and brown bread.

Here Madame Poulard came back to the present and found Reine crying and hungry, and the black puppy gnawing one of her shoes and Alphonsine encouraging him, rolling about the floor and saying: "Look, then, Grandmother, how hungry he is, this little Joseph; he wants some rice-cake." Then Madame Poulard would rise up in a rage, and say, "Ah, bon! I must keep house for a dog then, must I?" But nevertheless for peace and quietness she did it, and the three were soon rolled up under the table with slices of bread and onions, and Madame Poulard free to go back to her wedding-feast and the lifting down of her oak cupboard, which took place amid many jokes and the help of dark curly-haired men in blue blouses, and a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. It was finally settled in its corner where it still stood, enclosing one or two very thin white darned chemises, cherished for old sake's sake and folded peacefully in their grave on the top shelf.

But the dinner, ah, that was a merry thing to think of! To this day Madame Poulard can smell the stew of liver and kidney, and the roasted pig's feet and the cream-cheese, can recall the heat and the uproar, every one speaking and no one listening; and then the washing-up; if it had been the grocer himself, there could not have been more dishes, for grocer *père* was thrifty and would have taken no pride in feasting the neighborhood, would very likely have done it hurriedly in two days, whereas there was still the dance to come, Madame Poulard reflected with pleasure. It had happened in this very room she was sitting in, before it had been di-

vided into two after Poulard's death, when the business fell off, and the green branch withered, and Madame Poulard sat spinning and thinking all day long. But on the great day of the dance it had been the original long low room; the planed brown wooden rafters were immensely thick, and some were carved so beautifully that, if they had been sold at their worth, Madame Poulard might have been at her ease with a servant, and a green merino apron every day of the week. A curious white mantel-piece stretched far into the room, and was so wide at either side that in winter every one sat round the glowing peats in the shelter of the huge fireplace; and on stormy nights the snow fell so thickly through the wide chimney, that it waked the black puppy, who, hearing a hissing sound, dreamed he was at home at the shoemaker's and that it was supper-time. The chimney-piece occupied the greater part of the room now, but on the famous night it had not been so prominent; it was summer then, and instead of flames a row of chairs stood all round the hearth, making it look like a white throne prepared for the most distinguished guest. The floor had been well rubbed, and there were bunches of small blue hydrangeas tied along the wall at intervals. Monsieur Pol had come from Berrien, bringing his fiddle with him. He was a fat, thirsty old man, who could never get anything to eat sufficiently raw for his taste. "A fried egg," he would cry, "and not too much fried, Madame, I implore you;" or, "*Sapristi!* What is this? Take it away, Mademoiselle; I asked for an underdone cutlet,"—and so on, with shrugging of shoulders and uplifted hands; but the point of Monsieur Pol was that he played the fiddle with taste and energy, and that he also did it for nothing. Sometimes he would play for a whole evening, if he had been soothed at starting by a piece of raw beefsteak,

or coaxed by a lightly-boiled egg. He wore his best clothes, the suit reserved for christenings and funerals and weddings, the only difference being in the tie; for christenings and weddings it was a red cord with tassels; for funerals it was a purple cord with tassels tied with long loops; his shoes were very shiny and black with thick wooden soles, and they were only about one size too big for him. If one had met him on the road in ordinary circumstances one would have been struck by the difference in the size of his feet, as his work-day *sabôts* were large enough to contain both feet in one, and although they were stuffed with hay, they looked quite the most uncomfortable things any one could have chosen to walk in.

The room soon filled with farmers' stout wives and their daughters of much the same make on a smaller scale. They all arrived hungry and in great good humor, although they had walked, or jolted in springless carts, for miles to be present at this entertainment, and every one began the evening with boiled beef, and cider, and thick slices of sour brown household bread.

Monsieur Pol was then begged to give himself the trouble of taking a seat in the chimney, which he did, accompanied by his fiddle, and then the fun began. The young men and maidens danced, while their mothers grieved over the fall in cheese, and the short summer night wore on, and old women sat in the yard among the waggons and carts with baskets full of sweet pastry to sell and gingerbread made in the shape of dogs and rabbits; and they did such a thriving business at the end of each dance that every one was thirsty, and the bough, swinging over the door, thought that if this was an earnest of things to come, they would soon make their fortune. Ah! it *had* been a wedding and no mistake; it was

long talked of in the country-side, and the memory of it now warmed Madame Poulard's heart, as she rose stiffly from her chair, and came back across the years to her fallen fortunes and discontent, and lit the swinging lamp, and in the dim wavering light looked for the children and that Joseph, already curled up in a warm little yelping dream. It gave strength to turn to these tiresome children with their wants, and their going to bed, and getting up, and their rice-cake, and torn pinafores, and puppies, and disturbances.

She trod on something soft in her search, and found Reine's stocking lying on the floor, a mass of coarse blue tangled wool and dropped stitches. "Ah, *bonté divine*!" she muttered, more work for her in the morning; but for that matter it was all the same; if it wasn't a stocking, it was something else. *Dame!* how different she had meant the ending to be, after the hope and the forethought and the daughter, and the sheets and the underclothing of her own spinning and marking, and the son-in-law and the basket-shop in Morlaix. She could close her eyes and see it all plainly; the Grand Rue with quaint old houses almost touching, having carved doors and beautiful winding oak stairs with figures of saints, here and there, to keep the inmates from evil,—some, she had been told, had watched there for four hundred years. But all this was by the way; one room in particular interested her, not because it was there they had brought the frightened little Princess Mary Stuart, to rest after her tossing on the sea and her long journey from Scotland to marry the French King's son; little five-year-old Princesses didn't interest her, though they were on a wedding-journey, *ma foi, non!* She had quite enough to think of in her own family, and the room would do admirably for her own occupation should

the *bon Dieu* see fit to take Poulard to Himself. One must bow to the will of Providence, making one's own arrangements at the same time, and Poulard was far from strong, and alas, the same remark applied to her daughter Reine. Who in all the country-side would take a thin wife, one with neither ambition nor a strong back, who would see no jokes on market-days, and didn't care to walk out on Sundays; who, in short, seemed only made for religion?

But if Reine Poulard had no back and no mind, she had a mother who combined both in rich abundance, to whom the thoughts of a spinster daughter and old age in the country were bitter, particularly with a cheery little gossiping town only thirty *kilomètres* away, and a thriving basket-business and a son-in-law, a comfortable room for herself in his house, and neighbors—above all, neighbors—who would come in and admire her oak cupboard, and be made to understand that it was only a bit of her many possessions, "Just a *souvenir* she couldn't bear to leave behind; she had sold the rest rather than have the bother of bringing it. Ah! you find it pretty, Madame? It's not amiss, but nothing to the rest, believe me."

Above all she remembered the sign: "Y. M. Poënce, basket-factory; baskets for butter and meat; repairs of every kind." Poënce was doing a good business, and could keep a servant; and to look pleasant and coax the farmers' wives on market-days, so that they went home with an egg-basket or a butter-basket more than they started with, surely required no great strength. What a calamity it was to have such a delicate child! How she had struggled to make her as other people's daughters, and gone to every *pardon* for miles round to entreat the saints on her behalf. At the *pardon* in her own village of Huelgoat she had been the first to carry flowers to decorate the shrine;

she had even taken her to St. Pol de Leon and put Reine under the great bell that its chimes might charm away the headaches that Madame Poulard foresaw would interfere with her matrimonial projects, and thus indirectly with the comfort of her own declining years. It was to this end also that Madame made *tisanes* from the garden-herbs and hung round Reine's neck a small ivory hand, yellow with age, with the thumb and two middle fingers closed and the first and little fingers extended. This precious charm had been brought from Italy by Reine's great-father, and was confidently believed in the family to ensure the wearer against every ill; it had formed part of Madame Poulard's dowry, being thought worthy to travel to Huelgoat in the oak cupboard with the chemises. But still Reine had headaches, and looked pale, and took no interest in her cap, not caring whether it was lined with pink calico or not lined at all, and Madame Poulard was in despair. And finally Poënce was carried off by Noemie Renard from Berrien, who had red cheeks and a thick waist.

So the baskets faded from Madame Poulard's tearful eyes, and Reine didn't care, and life was altogether unbearable; till one day the clouds lifted, proving that the darkest hour comes before dawn, and disclosed a long thin man with a melancholy face and black hair. What first roused Madame Poulard's hopes was observing him to wear his Sunday clothes in the week; so she bid him enter, and put before him cider and biscuits flavored with vanilla, and enquired his will. But her heart was no longer in the matter, and when Bozellec stated his will to be Reine Poulard for his wife, provided she were ready to help him in starting a small ironmongery shop in the village, Madame Poulard agreed with him quickly. Ironmongery, to be sure, did not mean much, locks and nails, and dull little

tin plates and dishes, and no comfort for herself. Now in Morlaix,—but it was useless to recall the baskets for butter and meat, and all that might have been. It was evidently her lot to live and die in Huelgoat, and the sooner it was over, the sooner to sleep; and so she told Bozellec, who was much gratified by the rapid and unexpected success of his suit, and she began without more ado to mark Reine's chemises, and to wonder how she could get the most effect out of the least money at the wedding. It was all done and over in a very short time, and Reine's head ached, though not more than usual, and she regretted, every day of her dull life of nails and tin plates, that she hadn't gone into religion and joined the *Sœurs Blanche* at Quimper. The shop dragged on a feeble existence; Bozellec did his best, but he did not grow fat, and after a few years of hard work and headaches, Madame Bozellec died, and little Reine and Alphonsine just crossed the road to their grandmother's doorstep and there remained.

The doorstep was much the most amusing place in Madame Poulard's house; for the little straggling hamlet Poulard had brought her to as a bride, had increased and become a village, built round a large space with an old stone Calvary in the middle just opposite the church. In this place the market was held, and on these days the children were well amused, and left Madame to her dreams and their downfalls in peace and quietness. For the square was full of white caps and wooden stalls with flapping yellow coverings, and the tables were heaped with green and brown pottery and the white ware of Brittany, ornamented with flowers and beetles, and men in *sabôts* smoking long pipes, and stiff women walking across bridges. There was a stall for blue cotton where Madame Poulard bought pinafores for the children when their old ones would mend

no longer; and a stall where sweets were made and sold; what unending joy it was to watch a lump of soft white sugar being kneaded like dough, and then pulled out into fingers, and chopped into little three-cornered white satin cushions! Once the woman at the stall looked up and seeing four brown eyes watching her intently, threw two cushions over the counter, and Reine and Alphonsine went on their way munching, and certain that no flavor equalled the flavor of peppermint.

Madame Poulard prepared the sorrel for the soup, and putting the whole into a brown bowl till evening, settled down

Macmillan's Magazine.

to her spinning and her memories. So occupied was she with her own concerns, that she never felt anxious although the children and the puppy were away for hours. "*Eh, Seigneur!* they will return, no fear of that," she would sigh resignedly; and indeed twilight seldom failed to bring them. Madame Poulard, looking up, beheld with inhospitable feelings the hungry trio.

Then the soup, and the scramble up the dark stairs followed by Grandmother's muttered remonstrance at the noise; then bed, and silence and stars, and the hindered memories of the day lost in the untroubled dreams of night.

HUMORS OF BIRD LIFE.

"Birds in their little nests agree."

Dr. Watts, though doubtless an excellent and estimable divine, must have had but little experience of the ways and manners of birds when he wrote this oft-quoted line. Birds are really the most quarrelsome and pugnacious creatures amongst themselves, though they are capable of great affection and amiability towards the human beings who befriend them.

I have always been a passionate bird-lover, and have had opportunities of keeping, in what I hope and believe has been a comfortable captivity, many and various kinds of birds in different lands. My first experience of an aviary on a large and luxurious scale was in Mauritius, many years ago, and was brought about by the gift of a magnificent and enormous cage, elaborately carved by Arab workmen. It was more like a small temple than anything else. But the first steps to be taken were to make it, so to speak, bird-proof, for the ambitious architect had left

many openings in his various minarets and turrets, through which birds could easily have escaped.

Regarded as a cage it was not a success, for it was really difficult to see the birds through the profuse ornamentation of the panelled sides. However, I stood it in a wide and sunny veranda, and proceeded to install the birds I already possessed in this splendid dwelling. I had brought some beautiful little blue and fawn-colored finches from Madeira, and I had a few canaries. Gifts of other birds soon arrived from all quarters; a sort of half-bred canary from Aden—there were a dozen of those—and many pretty little local birds. I made them as happy as I could with endless baths, and gave them, besides the ordinary bird seed, bunches of native grasses, and even weeds in blossom, which they greedily ate. The little Aden birds would not look at water for bathing purposes. They came from a "dry and thirsty land, where no water is," and evidently regarded it as a precious beverage to be

kept for drinking. They had to be accommodated with little heaps of finely powdered earth, in which they disported themselves bath-fashion, to the deep amazement of the other birds.

But how those birds quarrelled! At roosting-time they all seemed to want one particular spot on one particular perch, and nothing else would do. All day long they quarrelled over their baths and their food, and the only advantage of the ample space they enjoyed was to give them more room to chevy each other about. They all insisted on using one especial bath at the same moment, and would not look at any other, though all the baths were exactly alike. One fine day a batch of tiny parakeets from a neighboring island arrived, and I congratulated myself on having at last acquired some amiable members of my bird community. Such gentle creatures were never seen. With their pale-green plumage and the little grey-hooded heads which easily explained their name of "capuchin," they made themselves quite happy in one of the many domes or cupolas of the Arab cage. In a few days, however, a mysterious ailment broke out among all the other birds. Nearly every bird seemed suddenly to prefer going about on one leg. This did not surprise me very much at first, as the mosquitoes used to bite their little legs cruelly, and I was always contriving net curtains, etc., to keep these pests out. At last it dawned on me that many of the canaries had actually only one leg. An hour's careful watching showed me a parakeet sidling up to a canary, and after feigning to be deeply absorbed in its own toilet, preening each gay wing-feather most carefully, the little wretch would give a sudden swift nip at the slender leg of its neighbor, and absolutely bite it off then and there. Of course I immediately turned the capuchins out of the cage with much obloquy, but too late to save sev-

eral of my poor little pets from a one-legged existence.

I had also several parrots and cockatoos, but they had to be kept as much as possible out of earshot, for their eldritch yells and shrieks were too great an addition to the burden of daily life in a tropic land.

There was one little gray and red parrot, however, from the West Coast of Africa, which was different from the ordinary screaming green and yellow parrot. This was certainly the cleverest little creature of its kind I have ever seen. Dingy and shabby as to plumage, and with a twisted leg, its powers of mimicry were unsurpassed. It picked up everything it heard directly, and my only regret was that it appeared to forget its phrases very quickly. Before it had been two days in the house it took me in half a dozen times by imitating exactly the impatient peck at a glass door of some tame peacocks, who always invited themselves to "five o'clock-er." I used to go to the door and open it; of course to find no peacocks there, for they were punctuality itself, and never came near the house at any other time. After the pecks—exactly reproduced as if on glass—came an impatient note, followed by the exact cry of an indignant peacock. I believe that gray parrot had the utmost contempt for my mental powers, and delighted in victimizing me.

I was a constant sufferer in those days from malarial fever, and when convalescent and comfortably settled on my sofa in the drawing-room, the parrot would first gently cough once or twice, then sigh, and finally, in a weak voice, call "Garde, Garde." This was to a functionary who lived in the deep verandas, and whose misison in life seemed to be the regulating of the heavy outside blinds made of split bamboo. The next sound would be the awkward shuffling of heavy boots (for

the "Garde" usually went barefoot, except when in uniform and on duty), followed by "Madame." Then my voice again, "*Levez le rideau.*" "*Bien, Grande Madame.*" Then you heard the creak of the pulleys as the curtain was raised, followed by the Garde's tramping away again, all exactly imitated.

The A. D. C.'s way of calling his "boy" (generally a middle-aged man) was also faithfully rendered, beginning in a very mild and amiable voice, rising louder as no "boy" answered, and finally a stentorian "boy" produced a very frightened and hurried "*Oi, Monsieur le Capitaine, ci.*" I grieve to say this performance generally ended with a confused and shuffling sound as of a scrimmage.

There used also to be an orderly on duty outside the Governor's office, who, once upon a time, was afflicted with a violent cold in his head. This malady, and his primitive methods of dealing with it, made him a very unpleasant neighbor, so his Excellency requested the Private Secretary to ask for another orderly *without* a cold in his head. Of course this was immediately done, and the desired change made, but not before Miss Polly had taken notes. Next day I was startled by the most violent outburst of sneezing and coughing in the veranda, followed by other trying sounds. I next heard a plaintive and deeply injured voice from the Governor's office—it must be remembered that every door and window is always wide open in a tropic house.

"I thought I asked for that man to be changed."

This brought the Private Secretary hurriedly out of his room, to be confronted by a small gray parrot, who wound up the performance by a sort of sob of exhaustion, and "*Ah, mon Dieu!*" the real orderly standing by, looking as if he was considering whether or no he ought to arrest the culprit.

One likes to have parrots walking

about quite tame, free and unfettered, but it is an impossibility if a garden or any plants are within reach, for the temptation to go round and nip off every leaf and blossom, and even stem, seems irresistible to a parrot or a cockatoo.

Soon after I went to Western Australia, in 1883, I was given a pair of beautiful cockatoos called by the natives "Jokolokals." They did not talk at all, but were lovely to look at, and as they had never been kept in a cage and were reared from the nest, they were perfectly tame and their plumage most beautiful, of a soft creamy white, with crest and wing-lining of an indescribable flame tint. I never saw such exquisite coloring, and they looked charming on the grass terraces during the day, and for a while roosted peaceably in a low tree at night.

But one morning, early, I was told the head gardener wished to speak to me, and he was with difficulty induced to postpone the interview until after breakfast. I tremble to think what the expression of that grim Scotch countenance would have been at first! It was quite severe enough when I had to confront him a couple of hours later. The Jokolokals had employed a long bright moonlight night in gardening among the plants with which the many angles and corners of the wide verandas were filled, and such utter ruin as they had wrought, especially among the camel-las! Not only had every blossom been nipped off, but they had actually gnawed the stems through, and few pots presented more than an inch or two of stalk to my horrified eyes. After that—on the principle of the steed and the stable-door—the beautiful villains were put in a large aviary out of doors, and revenged themselves by awaking me every morning at daylight by fiendish yells. The gardener's cottage was out of earshot.

I had also a very large cage of cana-

ries, in which they lived and multiplied exceedingly. In a country where there are no song-birds a canary is much prized, and every year I gave away a great many young birds. There was also another large cage with small (and very quarrelsome) finches, including many brilliant Gouldian finches from the Northwest (they call them Painted finches there), a tiny zebra-marked finch, and many different little birds kindly brought to me from Singapore and other places.

However, to return for a moment to the cockatoos. The large white Albany cockatoo, which has a very curved beak and wide pale-blue wattles round the eye, talks admirably, and is easily tamed if taken young. In spite of its ferocious beak it is really quite gentle, and mine—for I had several—were only too affectionate, insisting on more petting and notice than I always had time to bestow.

There were often garden-parties in the lovely grounds of the Government House at Perth, and at one of the later ones some of my guests came to me complaining, as it were, of the weird utterances of the Albany cockatoo, who lived with other parrots in a kind of wire pagoda among the vines. "What does he say?" I asked laughingly. "He wants to know if we like birds," was the answer. So I immediately went down to the cage, and was at once asked by the cockatoo in a very earnest voice, "Do you like birds?" Alas for the want of originality in the human race! He had heard exactly that remark made by every couple who came up to the cage, and had adopted it. My little son taught that bird to call me "Mother," and it never used the word to any one else. If I ever passed the cage without stopping to play with or pet the cockatoos, I was greeted with indignant cries of "Mother," which generally brought me back, and the moment I opened the door the big cockatoo

would throw himself on his back on the gravel floor, that I might put the point of my shoe on his breast and rub his back up and down the gravel. I never could understand why they all loved that mode of petting.

But the Australian magpie is one of the most delightful pets, and can be trusted to walk about loose, as he does not garden. "Break-of-day-boys" is their local name, and it fits them admirably. At earliest dawn only do you hear the sweet clear whistle which is their native note. They learn to whistle tunes easily and correctly, but nothing can be compared to their own note. They are exactly like the English magpie in appearance, only a little larger. I had a very tame one, which had been taught to lie on its back on a plate, with its legs held stiffly up as if it were dead. I have a photograph of it in that attitude, and no one will believe me when I assure them the bird was alive; not even its open and roguish eye will convince them. I only wish the sceptics had been by when I clapped my hands to signify that the performance was over, and Mag jumped up like a flash of lightning and made for the nearest human foot, into the instep of which she would dig her bill viciously. It must have been her idea of revenge, for she never did so at any other time; and she scattered the spectators pretty swiftly, I assure you.

Dear, clever Mag was lost or stolen just before we left Perth. I intended to have brought her to England, but one morning I was informed by the sentry that he could not see her anywhere, and she always kept near him. Further and anxious inquiries elicited that she had been observed following a newspaper boy near the back-gate. The police were communicated with, and the result was my being confronted at all hours of the day and night by an indignant and

rumpled magpie tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, who loudly protested that we were absolute strangers to each other. And so we were, for among the numerous arrests made of suspicious characters among magpies, not one turned out to be my poor Magpie.

But I must not loiter too long over my West Australian aviary, in spite of the great temptation to dwell on those dear distant days. I brought a small travelling cage of Gouldian and other lovely finches from the neighborhood of Cambridge Gulf home with me. What I suffered with that cage during a storm in the Bay of Biscay no tongue can tell. However, they all reached London in safety, and in due time were taken out—also with great personal trouble and difficulty—to Trinidad. Here they were luxuriously established in four large wired compartments over the great porch of Government House. No birds could have been happier. The finches had one compartment all to themselves, so had the canaries; whilst the laughing jack-ass, another Australian magpie, and a beautiful Indian hill mynah occupied a third compartment, the fourth being brilliantly filled by troupials, morichés, and sewing crows from Venezuela, besides many lovely local birds of exquisite plumage.

In each compartment stood large boxes and tubs filled with growing shrubs, whilst creepers, brought up from the luxuriant growth at the pillars below, were twined in the fine meshes of the netting. Of course there were perches and nests, all sizes and at differing heights. It was really one man's business to attend to them, but they were beautifully kept. Every morning the grass-cutter brought in a large bunch of the waving plume-like seed of the tall guinea grass; and they had plenty of fresh fruit, in which they greatly delighted. Of course they

quarrelled over it all, and a fierce battle would rage over half an orange, of which the other half was utterly neglected.

The canaries led a commonplace existence and had only one adventure. I had noticed that for some few weeks past the numbers of these little birds seemed rather to diminish than increase at their usual rapid rate. But I saw so many hens sitting on nests very high up that I accounted for the small number in that way. However, one day a perch fell down, and the black attendant went into the cage with a tall ladder to replace it. Presently I heard a great scrimmage and many "Hi, my king," and other agitated ejaculations, which soon brought me to the spot. It was indeed no wonder that my poor little birds had been disappearing mysteriously, for there was a large, well-fed, but harmless snake. It must have got in through the mesh when quite young and small, but had now grown to such stout proportions that escape through the wire netting—which would only admit the very tip of my fourth finger—was impossible, and it was easily slain. The snake was found coiled up on a ledge too high up to be easily perceived from below.

Soon after that episode the little finches underwent a sad and startling experience. One morning the coachman brought me in a beautiful little bird of brilliant plumage which I had never seen before. It had been caught in the saddle-room, and was certainly a lovely creature, though unusually wild and terrified. However, I was so accustomed to new arrivals soon making themselves perfectly at home and becoming quite tame, that I turned the splendid stranger into the finches' compartment with no misgivings, and went away, leaving them to make friends, as I hoped. About half an hour later I passed the tall French window, carefully netted in, which opened on the

corridor, and through which I could always watch my little pets unperceived. My attention was attracted by two or three curious little feathered lumps on the gravelled floor. On closer examination these proved to be the heads of some of my especial favorites, which the new arrival (a member of the Shrike family, as I discovered too late) had hastily twisted off. Besides these murders he had found time to go round the nests and turn out all the eggs and young birds. My dismay and horror may be imagined, but I could not stop, for luncheon and guests were waiting. I hastily begged a tall Irish orderly who was on duty in the hall to catch the new comer and let him go. Now this man loved my birds quite as much as I did, and seemed to spend all his leisure-time in foraging for them. They owed him many tit-bits in the shape of wasps' larvæ or the nursery of an ants' nest nicely stocked, or some delicacy of that sort. There was only time for a hurried order, received in grim silence, but when I was once more free and able to inquire how matters had been settled, all I could get out of O'Callaghan was: "I've larned him to wring little birds' necks."

"Did you catch him easily?" I inquired.

"Quite easily, my lady, and I larned him." This in a voice trembling with rage.

"What have you done to him?" No answer at first, only a murmur.

"But I want to know what has happened to that bird," I persisted.

"Well, my lady, I've larned him"—a pause: "I've wrung his neck."

So this rough and ready justice had been meted out to the wrong-doer very speedily.

Perhaps of all my birds the one I called the Sewing Crow was the most amusing. It was a glossy black bird about the size of a thrush, with pale-

yellow tail and wing-feathers, and curious light blue eyes with very blue rims. It was brought from Venezuela, and its local Spanish name means "The Rice-bird," but it never specially affected rice as food, preferring fruit and mealworms. I had several of these crows, but one was particularly tame, and rambled about the house seeking for sewing materials. I found it once or twice *inside* a large workbag full of crewels, where it had gone in search of gay threads, with which it used to decorate the wire walls of an empty cage kept in the veranda outside my own sitting-room. The extraordinary patience and ingenuity of that bird in passing the wool through the meshes of the wire can hardly be described. I suppose it was a reminiscence of nest-building, because it always worked harder in the springtime. It had a great friend in a little "moriché," black and yellow also, but of a more slender build, and with a very sweet whistle. The "moriché," too, was perfectly tame and flew all about the house, and it was very comic to watch its efforts at learning embroidery from its friend. It arrived at last at some sort of cage decoration, but quite different from that of the crow, who evidently disapproved of it, and often ruthlessly pulled the work of a laborious morning on the "moriché's" part to pieces. Now the "moriché" knew better than to touch the crow's work, though he often appeared to carefully examine it.

One day the crow must have persuaded the "moriché" to help him to roll and drag a reel of coarse white cotton from the corridor of the workroom, across the floor of my sitting-room, into the veranda. I saw them doing this more than once, and had unintentionally interfered with the crow's plans by picking up the reel and returning it to the maid's work-basket. However, one afternoon the crow got rid of me

entirely, and on my return from a long expedition I found both the crow and "moriché" just going to roost in the empty cage, which was really only kept there for them to play in. I then perceived what the reel of cotton, which was again lying on the veranda floor, had been wanted for. The crow had sewn a straw armchair with an open-patterned seat securely to the cage by nine very long strands, and was sleepily contemplating the work with great satisfaction. It was quite easy to see how it had been managed once a start was made with the cotton; but it must have entailed a great deal of flying in and out with the end of the cotton, for it had not been broken off. Of course I left the chair in its place, and it remained untouched for some months; but I always had to use it myself, lest any one should move it too roughly, and so break the connecting strands which had cost my little bird so much labor and trouble.

The most popular of my birds, however, was certainly the laughing jackass, who dwelt in company with the magpie and the mynah. Unhappily a misunderstanding arose, when I was away in England, between these two birds, once such great friends. If I had only been there to adjust the quarrel, all might have gone well; but the magpie, after many days of incessant battle, I was told, fell upon the mynah and killed it. It was curious that they should have lived together for a couple of years without more than the ordinary share of bird-quarrels. I do not know what active share the jackass took in this affair, for he had a bad expression of eye, and I always doubted his intentions towards that mynah; but as he was very slow and cumbersome of movement I thought the mynah could well take care of himself. The only time the laughing jackass ever showed agility was when a mouse-trap with a live mouse in it was

taken into his cage. With every feather bristling he would watch for the door of the trap to be opened, when he pounced on the darting mouse quicker than the eye could follow, and killed and swallowed it with the greatest rapidity. Once a mouse escaped him, and the magpie caught it instead, and a more absurd sight could not be imagined than the magpie flitting from perch to perch, holding the mouse securely in his beak, through which he was at the same time trying hard to whistle; whilst the jackass lumbered heavily after him, remonstrating loudly, for the magpie did not want to eat the mouse, and he did.

It always amused me to see the jackass take his bath, though it was rather a rare performance, whereas all the other birds tubbed incessantly. I had a large tin basin full of water placed just beneath one of the lowest perches, and when the jackass intended to bathe he descended cautiously to this perch and eyed the water for some time, uttering—with head well thrown back—his melancholy laugh. As soon as his courage was equal to it he suddenly flopped into the water, as if by accident, and then scrambled hastily out again. After repeating these dips many times he seemed to think he had done all that was necessary in the washing line, and scrambled up to a sunny corner where he could dry and preen his beautiful plumage.

Yes, my birds were the greatest delight and amusement to me for many years, and I had nearly a hundred of them when my happy life in that beautiful tropical home came to an abrupt end two years ago. Many of my friends have often asked me if I did not regret leaving my birds; but as I left everything that the world could hold for me in the way of happiness and interest and work behind me at the same time, the loss of the birds did not make itself felt just then. I miss them more now

than I did at first, but I believe they have nearly all found kind and happy homes, where they are cherished a little for my sake as well as for their own, the dear things!

Lady Broome.

Cornhill Magazine.

NINETTE.

She rocks in her boat,
 Young Ninette;
 Who that sees her
 Can e'er forget
 The laugh that lies in her dancing eyes
 As she sings and watches her trailing net?
 Ohè! Ohè!
 Over the bay,
 What is your song, Coquette, Coquette?
 While the fishermen sigh
 As she sails them by,
 "Love is a lottery!" laughs Ninette!

But she tries her fortune,
 By-and-by,
 When stars are sweet
 In an autumn sky,
 As hand in hand o'er the gleaming sand
 She and her lover go wandering by.
 Ohè! Ohè!
 Over the bay,
 What is your song to-night, Coquette?
 While a new light lies
 In the wondering eyes,
 "Love is a mystery!" sighs Ninette!

She sits on the shore,
 Old Ninette,
 Her hair is gray,
 And her eyes are wet;
 Yet she croons the while with a happy smile,
 As her fingers mend the broken net.
 All are gone, she is left alone,
 All the dear ones, one by one,
 Only in dreams she sees and hears
 Those she has lost in the vanished years.
 Ohè! Ohè!
 Over the bay,
 Ever the song comes back to-day,
 For hers is a heart
 That will ne'er forget,
 "Love is a blessing!" sings old Ninette.

Temple Bar.

F. E. Weatherly.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN'S "AMERICAN REVOLUTION."*

It is always unsafe to predict classical rank for a book on its first appearance. We shall not therefore venture to affirm that this history of the American Revolution. can never be superseded, but it will assuredly be read for many a long year on both sides of the Atlantic. It is at once good history and good literature. Never were sound historical knowledge and political wisdom conveyed in a manner less ponderous and more fascinating. If any complaints are made of a want of perfect impartiality on the part of the historian, they will not, we imagine, proceed from America. His sympathies throughout are with the revolting colonists, not with the English King and his Ministers. The fine lines of Lord Tennyson's, prefixed to the volume, perfectly express Sir George Trevelyan's sentiment regarding the struggle:—

Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wretch'd their rights from thee!

It is sometimes said that the Anglo-Saxon, even when he takes the sword, remains the trader; if he fights he fights for gain, never, like the Frenchman, for an idea. This remark receives no support from the war which England waged with her American colonies in the eighteenth century, which was on both sides a war for an idea, or at all events for a principle. It is true that the dispute began about money; but long before hostilities broke out, the question of gain or loss had become absolutely insignificant. The Stamp-duty had been repealed through the exertions of Chatham; the import duties

had also been repealed by Lord North with the consent of the King, with the single exception of an insignificant duty on tea, which the King insisted on retaining, not that it was of any pecuniary value, but because it was by its existence a visible sign of the prerogative to tax the Colonies. Had the Americans submitted to this trifling impost, and not thrown the British tea into Boston Harbor, there would in all probability have been no war. The Ministers, careless and reckless as they were, clearly perceived that the day for taxing America had gone by for ever, and that England must content herself for the future with the large gains which she derived from the American trade. Sir George Trevelyan, who is, we think, sometimes a little blind to the faults of the colonists, admits that the Boston outrage excited a not unnatural indignation in the minds of Englishmen, who had witnessed the abolition of the Stamp-duty, and were aware that Parliament had gone a great deal more than half way to meet the wishes of the colonists by removing all but a fraction of the unpopular duties. But if the King was obstinate, the colonists were not less so. They were, as Burke remarked, greatly addicted to the study of law, and of questions concerning the rights of nations. This lawyer-like frame of mind proved an advantage when they had to frame a constitution for themselves, and it gave a certain dignity to their armed resistance to England, for they felt that they were contending for rights, and not for mere gain. It rendered them, however, less disposed to accept a common-sense compromise which might have averted the rupture.

Sir George Trevelyan gives a fine and luminous sketch of the condition of the

* *The American Revolution. Part I., 1766-1776. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. London: Longmans & Co.*

colonists before the outbreak of the war. Perhaps the coloring is a little too bright; for it is mainly derived from the reports of French observers who had fled in disgust from the pestilential refinement of Paris. Such men were delighted, as Tacitus in the case of the Germans, to find anywhere a simple and hardy people who retained the primary virtues of social life. The colonists were, however, a frugal, God-fearing race, with a devotion to intellectual pursuits, under great difficulties, which augured well for their future. They were not greatly unlike their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. In every commercial town in England, from Aberdeen to Falmouth, as Sir George Trevelyan remarks, there were men of the same stamp. But until the present generation the English people have never exercised a perceptible influence upon the foreign policy of the country; and, unfortunately, the American question was treated as if it had belonged to foreign and not to domestic policy. The real antagonists of the colonists were not the English people, but the King and his Ministers, who commanded a venal majority in Parliament. The ablest of the latter were men of no principles and no scruples, living in an atmosphere of luxury and even of vice; and they regarded the colonists as of no more account than the laborers on their own estates. They utterly underestimated, too, the ability of the colonists to resist the naval and military power of England. Just before the outbreak of hostilities, during the debate on the American fisheries, the Earl of Sandwich told the House of Lords that the Colonial soldiers were arrant cowards. They had been placed, he said, at the siege of Louisburg, by their own request in the front of the army; but they all ran away when the first shot was fired. The apocryphal anecdote amused the House, but it did not amuse the colonists, who became

more determined than before to give the British soldier a proof of their mettle.

The King's Ministers, however, would not have embroiled the country with America, or they would, at all events, have drawn back when matters became dangerous, had it not been for the character of the King. George III. had, as we all know, domestic virtues, and he is usually spoken of as a good man. It would be difficult, however, to name another good man in history who was responsible for so many wicked actions. Although entirely destitute of true political wisdom and foresight, he was a strong King in this sense, that he was a master of the art of getting his own way, in spite of constitutional restraints. With regard to bribery, corruption, and intimidation, he was entirely conscienceless. He could not bribe, as Walpole had done, because of the improved state of the law, but he carried on an extensive system of corruption by means of places and sinecures; and by purchasing, often at extravagant prices, the nomination to seats from the patrons. Those ministers who would not bow to his imperious will had to leave his service, and he afterwards experienced the natural Nemesis of his shortsighted policy in the inefficiency of those who consented to hold office under him. "He rooted out," writes Sir George Trevelyan, "frankness, courage and independence from the councils of the State, but he pulled up along with them other qualities which his policy, when brought to a trial, could not afford to dispense with. His cabinet became exclusively composed of men willing to pursue ends which he dictated, but incapable of discerning, or rightly directing, the means by which those ends could be attained." Towards the colonists the feelings of the King were those of an enraged despot. It became a leading purpose of his life to "distress

America" into submission. Strange to say, it was some time ere the colonists understood that the King was their implacable enemy. Long after his Ministers were reviled and hated, the King retained a certain amount of popularity, as a good man whose kind heart felt for his American subjects.

Sir George Trevelyan does not, fortunately, belong to the modern school of historians who content themselves with recording facts, and decline to pronounce ethical judgments, as not belonging to their province. He does not preach, but he never conceals his opinion of the ethical quality of men and policies. And although a liberal of the liberals, he has not a fanatical love for revolutions, like certain historians, who seem to regard such hailstorms as the sole means of purifying and fertilizing society. The American Revolution he looks upon as a great disaster for England, and in the manner it was accomplished, a misfortune for the American colonists. On the latter point he writes:—

The Revolutionary war, like all civil wars, changed many things and troubled many waters. It must be accounted a misfortune that American society and the American character were not allowed to develop themselves in a natural and unbroken growth from the point which they had reached at the close of the first century and a half of their history. At the end of the protracted conflict between the Stuarts, and the party which stood for English liberty, Englishmen were very different from what they had been when it began. That difference was not in all respects for the better, as is shown by a comparison between the biographies of our public men, and the records of our country houses, at the one period and the other. And, in like manner, the mutual hatred felt, and the barbarities inflicted and suffered, by partisans of either side in Georgia and the Carolinas between 1776 and 1782, left behind them in those regions habits of lawlessness and violence, evil traces of which lasted into our

lifetime. As for the Northern States, it was a pity that the wholesome and happy conditions of existence prevailing there before the struggle for Independence were ever disturbed, for no change was likely to improve them. If the king, as a true shepherd, was thinking of his flock and not of himself, it is hard to see what he hoped to do for their benefit. All they asked of him was to be let alone; and with reason; for they had as just cause for contentment as the population of any ideal State from More's Utopia downwards. And, indeed, the American colonists had the best in the comparison, for there existed among them a manliness, a self-reliance, and a spirit of clear-sighted conformity to the inexorable laws of the universe which are not to be found in the romances of optimism.

Sir George Trevelyan's volume contains a number of brilliant character-sketches of the actors and contemporaries of the Revolution. There is a deeply interesting sketch of Franklin, the genius of common-sense, who would have averted the conflict had it been possible for common-sense to triumph over political passion. There are sketches of Burke and of Chatham. The great Whig magnates are described as the superiors of their rivals in purity of motives and dignity of life, but it is admitted that they were often reluctant to leave their pleasant country seats in order to wage a wordy war with the King's placemen. Like Lord Macaulay, Sir George Trevelyan has a kindness for Dissenters and for Evangelicals. There is a fine sketch of John Newton, the Evangelical clergyman and the friend of Cowper; and one of the most pleasing portraits in the volume is that of the Evangelical Peer, Lord Dartmouth, the Lord Shaftesbury of his day. He had taken an interest in the religious welfare of America before the troubles began, having, among other benefactions, helped to establish a school on the New Hampshire frontier for the conversion and civilization of the Indians, which afterwards be-

came Dartmouth College. The Bishop of London refused his countenance to the school on the ground that the Liturgy was not used in it, and that Dissenters sat on the Board of Management. Dartmouth continued to be trusted and loved by the colonists even after the troubles began; for they regarded him as at one with themselves in matters more important than political differences. This was the man whom George III., with a genuine stroke of cunning, appointed Secretary of the Colonies, not that he might have the benefit of his wise and moderate counsels, but that he might shield his own violent and unjust proceedings behind a venerated name. The appointment was hailed with satisfaction in America; and if Dartmouth had been allowed to have his way, the Colonies might have been saved to England. He was able to smooth over some matters, and on one occasion he almost brought about a reconciliation. In 1775, when hostilities were imminent, unofficial negotiations were set on foot for settling the difficulties between Great Britain and the Colonies. Benjamin Franklin, on behalf of America, and two members of the Society of Friends, Mr. Barclay and Dr. Fothergill, an eminent London physician, on behalf of England, drew up the proposed terms of agreement. These were communicated to Dartmouth, who expressed himself favorably and hopefully about them in private. When Chatham presented to Parliament a Bill for settling the troubles in America, Dartmouth, in pursuance of his pacific intentions, begged their Lordships not to kill the measure by an immediate vote. The scene that followed is thus described by Sir George Trevelyan:—

In his sincere desire to do his duty according to the light of his own understanding, Dartmouth had for a moment forgotten the terrors of the

Bedfords. Sandwich, who suspected that peace was in the crucible, knew only too well that premature publicity may be as discomfiting to those who are planning good, as to those who are plotting evil. He chose his moment with a sinister address worthy of the orator who turned the debate in the Second Book of "Paradise Lost." Looking full and hard at Franklin, who was leaning over the Bar, Sandwich exclaimed that he had in his eye the person who drew up the proposals which were under discussion—one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies whom England had ever known. Chatham hastened to interpose the shield of his eloquence for the protection of one who might not speak for himself within those walls; but Franklin was not the quarry at whom Sandwich aimed. The shaft had gone home to the breast towards which it was really levelled. Dartmouth rose once more, and said that he could not press a cause which evidently was unacceptable to their Lordships, and that he himself would give his voice for rejecting the Bill forthwith. The Secretary for the Colonies would have given his salary, many times told, to prevent bloodshed; though in the last resort he could not induce himself to thwart, or even to contradict, a master towards whom he entertained a true attachment, and who esteemed him as he deserved. For George the Third was at his very best when exchanging ideas with Dartmouth for any other purpose than that of harrying him into harrying the Americans. "If the first of duties (so the monarch wrote to the Minister in July, 1773), that to God, is not known, I fear no other can be expected; and as to the fashionable word 'honor,' that will never alone guide a man further than to preserve appearance. I will not add more, for I know I am writing to a true believer; one who shows by his actions that he is not governed by the greatest of tyrants—Fashion."

It is honorable to the American people that they pardoned the weakness of the Minister, and remembered the goodwill of the man towards their country. Two generations afterwards,

in the July of 1829, the citizens of New York asked leave to detain Dartmouth's portrait, then on its way from England to the College which bore his name. The request was granted; and

The Spectator.

they placed the picture in their Hall of Justice, next those of Washington and Franklin, on the day of the celebration of independence.

THE DANGER IN THE NEAR EAST.

It is improbable, for reasons stated below, that Macedonia will rise in insurrection this year, but, nevertheless, there is grave danger in that quarter which is evidently disturbing both Vienna and St. Petersburg, and exciting apprehensions in Constantinople. The Austrian and Russian Foreign Offices are both issuing intimations that if a revolt occurs Turkey will be allowed to put it down by Turkish methods, and the Sultan is raising more troops, sending Asiatic levies to Macedonia, and despatching some of his ablest officers to control the hill districts. Severe warnings have also been sent both to Belgrade and Sofia, and the Greeks are warned that if their active party moves the Government of Athens will not again be saved by Europe from the worst consequences. All these symptoms imply that there is grave fear, among those who watch Macedonia, that the patience of her sorely oppressed people has given way, and that they have resolved to risk everything rather than remain longer under the rule of Pashas from whom no man's life and no woman's honor is safe for twelve hours together. It is known, moreover, that the course of events in Crete and the appearance of the Tsar's Rescript have greatly stirred the population. The former is held by them to show that if a Christian population in Turkey will risk massacre, Europe will not allow them to be ex-

terminated, while the latter has made submission more difficult by putting an end to hope for the next five years. The immobility of Russia means the irresponsibility of the Sultan, and every one knows how Abdul Hamid will employ any period of exemption from control. The fate of the Armenians will be the lot of the Macedonians, only worse. The Macedonian leaders, considering all these circumstances, considering also the furious excitement in Bulgaria, which remembers from its own experience what Turkish rule is, and considering, above all, how difficult it is for regular troops to overtake a population which has taken to the hills, have, it is reported, decided to run an enormous risk, to call their people to arms, to summon the Bulgarians to their aid, and to sacrifice one-third of the population in a determined effort to liberate the other two-thirds. It is assumed that if the summons is issued the people, who are sick of waiting, will respond, that a part of the Bulgarian army will enter Macedonia, even if it has to mutiny to do it, and that the sufferings of the Macedonians from the Turks will create great excitement in Russia, where they will be regarded, in one way truly, as martyrs for the Orthodox faith. It is quite uncertain whether the Tsar, in spite of his earnest wish for peace, could resist the pressure, and if his armless move, those of Austria will

move too, and the peace of Europe will hang upon the chance that they will be able to avoid collision. They will not be able, if Russia threatens Constantinople, or if her soldiers so occupy Macedonia as to destroy the last Austrian hope of access to the Southern coast.

The danger is, therefore, very considerable, for the Macedonian leaders can fire the magazine if they will, but, nevertheless, it is not probable that they will make the attempt this year. They have not a chance of success unless the Bulgarian army joins them, or the Servian, and the pressure on Bulgaria and Servia can be, and will be, very severe. We do not much believe in mutiny in the present condition of the world. The officers who must lead know too well that a modern army needs supplies, depots, arsenals, all that a civilized Government provides, and that if they mutiny they will have nothing except soldiers, rifles, and cartridges sufficient for a single engagement. They will wait until their Government is ready, and the Government will not quarrel with the Tsar, or run the risk of a joint occupation by Russian and Turkish troops. The chance of success is not sufficient, and the penalties of failure will be too heavy. They will wait until they see what the Turks will do, and the Turks, warned by the example alike of Bulgaria and Crete, will behave as they did in Thessaly—that is, very oppressively, but not in a way forbidden by the custom of civilization. The people, deserted by the Bulgarians, will not rise, or if they do, will make of the insurrection only a hill campaign, in which both sides will suffer cruelly, but which will produce no effects calculated to disturb Europe, which at heart does not care how many people are killed in their ineffective skirmishes. The re-

luctance to rise, and therefore the ineffectiveness of the rising, will be greatly increased by the action of the Tsar, who has promised, it is believed, if the Macedonians will keep quiet, to see if he cannot intervene on their behalf with the Sultan, and by securing them Christian, or at least fair-tempered, governors, relieve them from the most pressing of their miseries. Turkish subjects must be driven to despair before they will rise against the Turks, and if they can even hope to be left alone, the Macedonians will wait, rather than encounter so dreadful a risk. They have, it is true, the example of the Cretans to encourage them, but their country is not an island, and they have the fate both of the Armenians and the Thessalians to warn them that on the mainland the Turks cannot be resisted by half-drilled forces.

It seems almost a truism to say that Europe is foolish to allow such a source of danger as Macedonia presents to continue without a cure; but there is something to be said on the other side. The Powers sincerely desire peace, and the Macedonian magazine cannot be flooded without a war, if it be only a war between Russia and the Sultan. Nobody knows to what such a war would lead, or in what condition Eastern Europe might emerge from it. Moreover, however much the Macedonians may excite the sympathies of philanthropists, they have done a good deal to alienate those of politicians. They decline to be either Austrian or Russian. They asked for years to be aided by Greece, and when Greece declared war on Turkey they refused to rise behind Edhem Pasha, whom they could have cut away from his supports. They now ask aid from Bulgaria, but they are most unwilling to submit to Sofia, and so make of Bulgaria a fairly strong State. They wish, they say, to

make of Macedonia a Principality, but if it were so made the Slavo-Macedonians would begin fighting the Græco-Macedonians, until both had been nearly ruined. They must join one party or the other if they wish to be free, and stick to the one they join, and fight for it with a coherence which they have never yet displayed. They are brave enough, especially the hillmen, and quite sufficiently united against the Turk, but modern conditions require of insurgents something more than that: an able leader, a quasi-military severity of organiza-

tion, and a tenacity of purpose which neither events nor promises can shake. We do not see these things in Macedonia, and are unable, therefore, either to hope or fear that her population will, in the present temper of the Great Powers, be able to shake off the despotism which for so many centuries has ground them into dust. The insurrection is sure to succeed in the end, but if it occurs this year it is almost certain that it will once again, for about the twentieth time, terminate in a series of useless local massacres in the hills.

The Economist.

TO EXILES.

Are you not weary in your distant places,
Far, far from Scotland of the mist and storm,
In stagnant airs, the sun-smite on your faces,
The days so long and warm?
When all around you lie the strange fields sleeping,
The ghastly woods where no dear memories roam,
Do not your sad hearts over seas come leaping,
To the highlands and the lowlands of your Home?

Wild cries the Winter, loud through all our valleys
The midnights roar, the gray noons echo back;
About the scalloped coasts the eager galleys
Beat for kind harbors from horizons black;
We tread the miry roads, the rain-drenched heather,
We are the men, we battle, we endure!
God's pity for you, exiles, in your weather
Of swooning winds, calm seas, and skies demure!

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk song-haunted
Over the hills and by the thundering falls,
Or where the dirge of a brave past is chaunted
In dolorous dusks by immemorial walls.
Though hails may beat us and the great mists blind us,
And lightning rend the pine-tree on the hill,
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morning find us
Children of tempest all unshaken still.

We wander where the little gray towns cluster
Deep in the hills or selvedging the sea,

By farm-lands lone, by woods where wildfowl muster
 To shelter from the day's inclemency;
 And night will come, and then far through the darkling
 A light will shine out in the sounding glen,
 And it will mind us of some fond eye's sparkling,
 And we'll be happy then.

Let torrents pour, then, let the great winds rally,
 Snow-silence fall or lightning blast the pine,
 That light of Home shines warmly in the valley,
 And, exiled son of Scotland, it is thine.
 Far have you wandered over seas of longing,
 And now you drowse, and now you well may weep,
 When all the recollections come a-thronging,
 Of this rude country where your fathers sleep.

They sleep, but still the hearth is warmly glowing
 While the wild Winter blusters round their land;
 That light of Home, the wind so bitter blowing—
 Look, look and listen, do you understand?
 Love strength and tempest—oh, come back and share them!
 Here is the cottage, here the open door;
 We have the hearts although we do not bare them,—
 They're yours, and you are ours, for evermore.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Neil Munro.

LITERATURE AS PHYSIC.

In this age of personal interest in the condition of body and mind, when every man is his own doctor, and every woman endeavors to be the spiritual as well as the bodily medical adviser of all her friends and acquaintance, it is not an uncommon experience, in haunts of pleasure, and even at the festive board itself, to overhear our neighbors conversing earnestly about their health. They discuss the peculiar states of it, they do not hesitate to describe minutely their most intimate symptoms. To all this listeners sympathetically reply by giving them advice gratis, which advice, in its surprising candor and want of reserve, is apt to be more startling even than the statement of the case itself; the only wonder left is

that before this point is reached the wrist has not been offered nor the tongue displayed! But how is it, we ask ourselves, that among all the advice thus freely given, and all the prescriptions and patent medicines recommended—such as faith cures, crystal mirrors, the hair of the dog that bit, the thought-suggesting, the hot-watery, the woolery and silkery treatments—how is it that one of the most palpable cures for all mental strain and bodily weariness is never mentioned at all, although it lies at our very door—or, rather, it stands on our dearest bookshelves?

Of course, the wise of the earth know, and always have known, the efficacy of literature as a health tonic; but

then the wise man never mentions his own health, and the wisest of all men never allows his neighbors to speak of their health either. Looking casually along the bookshelves, certain books seem to smile down upon their happy owner, with a friendly flicker in their gold lettering. This slim volume of *Essays* calmed its reader one evening during an attack of the nerves, at the end of a wearily-long day, when all its owner's friends seemed to have had nothing but disagreeable things to say to him; this volume is the *Chamomilla* of his library. Then, at another time, that thick book of *Travels*, so full of adventure, was like a bluff and hearty friend who, fresh from a long journey, drops in on one of those worst of all sultry days, when the air is heavy with undischarged electricity, and there is a "sense of impending gloom" hanging over everything, even amounting at times to "a foreboding of a terrible catastrophe looming in the distance"—and when other similar symptoms alarm overwrought and sensitive natures. That volume of *Travels* should be named the *Belladonna* among the books. Some other day a different kind of delightfully distracting friend will turn up and look in upon us, thoroughly rousing our attention in the shape of an Arabian Night, or a "Shaving of Shagpat," and will entirely clear the tired brain of all the tiresome details of financial life, which have been see-sawing there all the day long, and which no dose of ordinary newspaper reading could dispel. Such stories are the *Opiums* among our books. Now and again a tender love-story, or a romance, will be found refreshing—especially when the first gray hairs have been conspicuously asserting themselves. But perhaps remedies for a disorder of this kind should be called *Restoratives* rather than medicines. Then, again, when a man's feelings have been wounded—his van-

ity ruffled—where will he be likely to find a better sedative than in looking over laudatory notices, or in glancing through a dedication to himself? Indeed, sometimes just the simple turning over of the pages of a preface, where his own name is likely to occur, has been found to be of great efficacy—we have known such treatment to act as a veritable *Arnica* lotion to the bruised condition of a depressed vanity.

For those who are too much exhausted, and at the same time too much excited, to sleep, there is nothing for it but taking a bold nip of undiluted brandy: Kipling's brand is the best for this purpose; a "Plain Tale from the Hills" will produce wonderfully the desired effect; there is no tonic like it. Yet caution must be used in the size of the dose, and it must be indulged in only upon rare occasions. Then there are all those famous books that belong to the older school of letters—resembling in their strength and their pungency the older school of medicine. There are those surprising early playwrights, those stinging pamphleteers, and those crudely searching Guillivers and far-reaching Steeles; which, compared with the later (but, of course, not with the latest) phase of English literature, hold much the same position to it that the earlier school of medicine does to the modern and the gentler form of the science; the earlier style, which, like *Homocœa*, went "straight to the spot." Among the earlier writers, the lampoonists, the pamphleteers, the playwrights, the divines, were the veritable blisters and glisters, the brimstones and purges, even the "scarlet hangings," of earlier times! Then there are also those dear old pastoral poets of the seventeenth century, who are so mild and so flowery; to read their poems is like taking large cups of herbaceous tea. William Browne (although it requires a bold spirit to men-

tion that author now, since his name is not included in either of the two latest selections of "The Best English Poetry"), in his "Brittannia" simply abounds in passages that read like medical prescriptions. While for those who may desire to have a short and strong draught, one that is unique and has a distinct flavor of its own, what can be better recommended than one of the works of Dr. Donne? Then, on the other hand, if a pleasant and gentle course of treatment is desired—where a prolonged course can be taken regularly, frequently, and for several consecutive months—to whom better can we apply than to the *Gentle Shepherd* himself?

However, this game of poet-and-lozenge, pamphlet-and-mustard, sermon-and-brimstone, might be carried on *ad infinitum*. But enough has been already said, we feel sure, to suggest to all earnest seekers after health a way in which they may best cure themselves without more ado than by selecting that volume from their bookshelves which will be best suited to their state,

THE SPEAKER.

whether it be fatigue of body or distraction of the mind. Perhaps, however, a few words at parting may not be out of place here—of advice, *gratis*—on the manner in which the patient should take his physic. He should be careful to select the easiest armchair that the house affords, or the sofa, even if it be the only one present. Into this he must comfortably settle himself, arrange the candles behind him so that their light may illumine the page of his book over his left shoulder; and then, ignoring entirely any misconstruction of his conduct that may be formed by those around him, such as that his behavior is rude or selfish—for those about him, being mere idlers, are undoubtedly eager health discussers—the patient should then proceed to give himself entirely up, mind and body, to a thoroughly good browse upon the pages of his book; and in that, the only true way, will he be able to give a fair trial to the most rational of all restoratives that it is possible for man to obtain at the end of this exhausting nineteenth century of ours.

M. E. G.

TO TIME, NOT TO HURRY WITH THE BOYS.

Let them be a little space,
Though they lack our crowning grace;
Though their talk be not about
Things ~~we~~ talk of, dining out;
Though their jokes are hard to see:
Let them be.

Could we once have been as they?
Fat and rosy, fresh and gay,
With such reverence for the fact,
With such perfect want of tact,
Yes? Well, all the same, prithee,
Let them be.

The Spectator.

H. C. Beeching.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

MARCH 4, 1899.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

RIVALS*.

Marian was free indeed. The sea called and opened its bosom; the immeasurable solitude put forth its charm. A languor, a home-sickness, unloosed every fibre of resolution as the hours ran across these billows, dancing lightly to mock her downcast thoughts. Madame Cornaro sat a little way off, dumb and sympathetic; she felt, as a woman feels often rather than understands, that Marian's grief was very great. The relapse into melancholy that did not moan or weep was perplexing, but she had witnessed it in others of the Northern land. English men and women died of a broken heart, in silence; or lived as ghosts, drained of the warm blood once running in their veins. Miss Greystoke, leaning against the side, began to show a parchment-like tinge on her cheek; and her eyes were wild. The father's kiss had been forgotten.

"You are too sad, *cara Signora*," she made bold at length to say in her sweet undertones. "Why look you at the sea always? Here are children playing—pretty English children. Look at them. In my country they would be dressed as angels, and walk in the procession on Festa days. Do you not love them?"

"Too well to look at them," replied her friend, sighing. "I had a little sister once—had, not have—you understand."

"*Poverella!* But she is in Paradise. You ought to be glad. Women have so much trouble. I, too, Signora, have a

boy, my own, own boy. He is called Zorzi—Georgie in your language. He goes to school; he is clever. It is for his sake I am crossing the sea."

"But you do not bring him with you?"

"No, Signora; he is too young—twelve. And I do not stay in America, but for one season at most. I had not the money to pay his passage. I think of him every minute. I see him, and he talks to me in my dreams. Have you left any one you love like that?"

"I have left every one," said Marian, dejectedly.

"Ah, do not fear. They will come again. You have gifts, how many? If you can guard yourself from—from men, you will be happy and famous. Do not give up your courage. Signora, trust me as you would a sister. I am alone, except I have Zorzi—the *Cherubino!* Let not the water fascinate you. I was near drowning myself in a fearful hour, but I did it not! '*La sete della morte*;' if you speak Italian, you will know what it means. You are thirsty; you would drink of the cup. Drink not; soon you will rejoice to be so brave."

The forlorn woman! She brought some comfort to one who had not gone so many years on this desolate path. They clasped hands. "You have your child," said Marian. "It was not the same case," she added to herself.

"Where shall you be staying in New York?" she asked after a while, abruptly turning the conversation. Giulia gave her an address—one of the

* From *The Two Standards*. By William Barry. The Century Company, publishers.

second-class hotels to which Mr. Ralston had directed her; we will call it the Delaware House.

"I could stay there, too, I suppose," observed Marian, reflecting how strange it was, after being cared for as if the world were a palace and she its queen, to be thinking what money she had brought with her. As little as possible, considering these uncertainties. Lucas Harland could not say she had plundered him. What salary had he given for the performance of "*Istar*"? she inquired disdainfully.

Giulia pressed her to stay at the Delaware House, and it was agreed upon. "Now come and let us make music in the ladies' drawing-room, where there is a beautiful piano," said the Venetian. "It will drive away the demon."

"I will play while you sing; I cannot do more," was the reply. But Marian's dejection, now at its lowest point, was leading to a second and emphatic re-assertion of the claims of life which a youth so vigorous as hers would be sure to put forth, unless disease should ruin it. Madame Cornaro selected, with kindly judgment, from the scores which she had with her, music of a tempered, almost severe key—old chants belonging to the early eighteenth century, of which her masters knew the secret; nor was it very difficult to Marian's practised fingers; while the large character, reminding one of Handel, grave and yet sweet, had in it a majestic sadness, a light untroubled by the modern flush of color. A small company, drawn from the smoking-room and the deck by these fine chords, came stealing in; they were well-mannered enough to keep silence, and to admire the skill and precision of Madame Giulia without paying compliments to her while she sang. Her voice had lost, as she admitted, the high notes of the register; but she managed what was left of it brilliantly. Marian accompanied well—letting the voice display its whole strength, its re-

finement, its expression, without any attempt to overpower it by the running harmonies. She had never forgotten Gerard Elven's saying that her execution, though good, was not supreme. On the score of this accomplishment she was modest, knowing that her genius lay elsewhere. But it seemed to her as if acquaintance with music so original as Gerard's had given her an insight beyond Madame Cornaro's. The cantatrice sang with exactness, fervor, decision; the touch that would set all this divinely on fire had passed over it and away, or had never come. Would the New York impresario and his audience perceive what Marian perceived? Had they the new sense? Much depended on it for herself and the good Giulia, whose innocent rival she might prove to be.

* * * * *

The sky of Naples over a smokeless Liverpool. An enormous blaze of advertisements, flaring to the tops of tall brick or brown stone constructions, alike in their repeated rows of windows, monotonous, insignificant—the horizontal style which modern cities love, and which is merely the dead perpendicular turned another way, hopeless and ugly—the straight line that kills the picturesque. Here and there a vast building of bizarre outlandish make; the Alhambra borrowed for a millionaire's house, and hardly knowing where it stood; the Palazzo Farnese, imitated in dark red stone; the Louvre transformed to an hotel, side by side with the gaunt prose of forty years ago; and on a level which cut every front into sections, and ruined the perspective, a railway with moving cars, resounding bells, the cry of newspapers, ticket-offices in the air, ladder-like ascents from the obscure streets underneath, and crowds of well-dressed people above, below, around, in perpetual motion. The two women clung to each other, and, as the train whirled them along, looked out on New York.

To say that they did not like what they saw would be a small thing. It smote them into bewilderment. The tingling air drove their pulse at a mighty rate. The fierce colors of all these bills, posters, names over shop fronts, pictures of a dismal, staring or hideous realism, allowed no comfort to the eyes; they were in a narrow strait, choked with life, brimming over with men and women, all in the swim and the struggle. Down side streets, the train moving always forward, and appearing to climb as it went, they caught glimpses of poverty on the doorsteps, at the windows, and above the gutters, where pools lay shining under the sun. A world's fair! Every nation had contributed its quota. The names that Marian read, while these innumerable stores passed in her sight, were English, Scotch, Irish, German, Dutch, Polish, Hebrew, Chinese. But especially, she thought, German, Scotch and Hebrew. It was Oxford street magnified, multiplied, taking the lion's share of the city, and never coming to an end. Broadway—or Babel? Never had she been cast into such a throng and a press of humanity before. It terrified, it appalled her. The "Golden Fleece" would now have appeared a quiet resting-place in mid-Atlantic, compared with a city which was all shops, railways, hotels—pitilessly public wherever she looked—not the home of these hundreds of thousands, but their mart, exchange, club-room, bar, dockyard—and possibly their theatre.

"Look!" said Giulia Cornaro, whispering, "Ralston's." The tall spare front rose skyward, plastered with bills, prismatic and formidable, to their right as they travelled up town.

"Mr. Soames of New York," they read in this gigantic rainbow. And the adventures, laughter-moving or sanguinary, of Mr. Soames were painted more than life-size for the delectation of passers-by, who would want to see them plastically rendered in the even-

ing after such a whetting of their appetite. "Did you say Mr. Ralston was about to restore the Italian Opera?" said Marian. "Those bills are melodrama, without the music."

"He is what you other English call an organ-grinder," said Giulia, attempting a smile, but her eyes were sad. "He plays the tunes you ask for. Mr. Soames will retire when Donizetti arrives."

"Let us hope so," answered her friend. "Ah, there I read 'the Delaware House,' just down that street. And here is a station. We go down, apparently, by the lamp-post."

In the afternoon came a message from the impresario. Madame Conaro would be kind enough to call on him in his office. "You come with me," she insisted, for Marian did not know whether it would make or mar, but Giulia refused to go alone, "I am all trembling," she said; "there is a dagger in my brain—such a headache. And I don't want to be ill. Oh, if my little Zorzi was a man, capable to take care of himself—no, I never, never would mount the stage any more. Do you think I will be ill?"

She had an intense expression of fatigue, with restless eyes, the light coming and going in them, as of a lamp which revolved at uncertain intervals. It might be only excitement. How if it should turn to fever?

"When do you play your best—ill or well?" asked Marian, anxious to protect her from new disappointments.

"I play Lucia di Lammermoor—and tragic parts—best with a little, *if* I am going to be ill. But I must be quite well for comedy."

"Then we will make Mr. Ralston give you tragedy first."

"Moment, please," said Giulia. She went hastily to her room, and on coming back, Marian remarked that she was not nearly so nervous. The eyes sparkled with less change in them.

"You have taken something," she

said gravely, "not spirits, I hope, Signora."

"No—*seulement une piqure—de morphine; ce n'est rien*," answered Giulia, speaking French for the first time. The other did not know what to reply.

"Is it a habit?" she inquired, with some embarrassment. "Dangerous, I should say."

"Certainly dangerous. I do it not often. But now it will give me courage."

They would both require a courage not inspired by morphine. Mr. Ralston was seated in his bureau when Giulia sent in her card, adding Miss Grey-stoke's name. He rose, shook hands with them, fixed a sharp eye upon Marian, and offered them chairs.

Mr. Ralston might be any age from thirty-five to fifty. His close-cut hair was gray, and so was his moustache; but the keen, colorless, occupied features, and the rapid movements, had a kind of youth in them. Excellent teeth, probably false. Light gray eyes, a square forehead, ears full and set forward, jaws too well developed, large firm hands, often in the pockets of his morning-coat. Business written all over him, from his boots to the bald crown of his head. A strong, emphatic voice, clear to the last word in every sentence, with that indefinable American accent, which it is easy to caricature, but a stroke of genius to imitate. He was polite and complimentary, but hurried. Towards men his language would have been no doubt less courteous; more direct it could not be. He spoke to Madame Cornaro; he looked at Marian. After some inquiries,—

"Yes," he said reflectively, "the Italian Opera will draw good houses. But Mr. Soames is drawing better. We shall keep him on the bills quite a little time yet. In fact, as long as he does draw. You can be recuperating, you know, Madame—the sea tries some constitutions. It has tried yours." He

walked round the bureau, contemplated Mr. Soames, who was there, in several attitudes on the walls, and came back.

"Business drooping now, rather—crisis in Wall Street. Financiers must be careful. When they are careful, financiers' wives don't spend so much at the play. But Mr. Soames appeals to our public, crisis or no crisis. Your friend, the lady here, also Italian Opera?" This was all uttered in staccato, with regular pauses of equal length.

Giulia gave a start and turned towards Marian with a frightened face. She had dreamt of this all along. And in a mirror between two playbills she saw what the manager was seeing—a comparative view, deadly to her prospects. Her own sallow, burnt-up cheeks and hollow mask, with perhaps a shade of morphine to wither it—and that stately, passion-breaking figure, still but intense, the head poised nobly, the lips full of crimson life. Poor Madame Cornaro! Her speech was gone; she aged visibly, and knew it.

But Marian gave the least little smile—a ripple of light from chin to forehead. The Italian caught some of its brightness.

"I detest the opera," said Miss Grey-stoke, assuming a vehemence she had not felt previously. "I sing and act—in private, when I can get an engagement. Would you help me, Mr. Ralston?"

"With the greatest pleasure," he replied, shaking hands again. But it was Giulia that kept Marian's fingers between her own, pressing them fervently.

"Still, you *could* take the rôle of a heroine, if you were invited?" he said again; "you have much in your favor, which our audiences would appreciate," fixing his gaze on her, and wholly disregarding Madame Cornaro.

"I cannot sing in public—not yet, in any case."

"Well, well," benevolently, "do not let me lose sight of you. Madame," to Giulia, who was collapsing into the old woman, while her impresario played her false, "I will let you know when we see our way through the financial hurly-burly. I recommend you to stay in New York. I am off in a couple of days, by the Central, for Chicago; will write or wire you if I don't see you before starting out. For the present, Mr. Soames holds the floor. By the bye, Miss—Miss Greystoke—do you go out to parties in this name?"

Oh, no, she never could. Another name darted through her brain like lightning. "If you get me an engagement, say Mademoiselle Jasmin. It is—it was—a name in our family."

"Write it, if you please," said Mr. Ralston; "not that I shall let it slip from memory. But Americans think it

preferable to have things in black and white. Now I am going to send Miss Pemberton—one of our most accomplished native actresses—to see you safe in the Delaware House. Mention any wish of yours to her during your stay in New York, and she will execute it. Sorry I cannot accompany you myself."

They were in the electric car, Miss Pemberton beside them, and Giulia would have held Marian's fingers still. "You are an angel," she said, "an angel."

"What should I have been had I encouraged the manager?" said her friend indignantly.

"My dear, you would have been—a woman. Like the rest of us."

"I was thinking of Zorzi," answered Marian. "How could I take the bread out of your mouth and his?"

A PARAPHRASE FROM ST. PAUL*

(Romans VIII.)

The state of the Christian is thus the very opposite of that which I have just described. The verdict of the law is not out against him, because he has been delivered from that condemnation which the law pronounces, and from the sin which occasioned the condemnation, by the power of the Spirit, which entered his life in consequence of his union with Christ. The law could not free him from its own curse, but could only reaffirm its adverse verdict, not because of any defect in the law, but because of the power of sin, which perpetually exposed the man to the law's condemnation. But Christ, whom God sent into the world to share our nature,

apart from its sinfulness, has accomplished this deliverance, so that a way is opened for the fulfilment of the law's just requirements. This result is attained by establishing in man the inner dominion of the Spirit, which overthrows that of the flesh and determines all the aspirations and conduct of the man toward holy, spiritual life, instead of toward the moral death to which it was formerly tending. Thus the man is brought into real harmony with God,—for only through the rule of the Spirit in us can the old enmity to God which sin occasioned be removed. The possession of Christ's Spirit alone proclaims us truly his. If we possess that Spirit, we have the guarantee of an imperishable life. The body must indeed die, in consequence of the curse which human

*From The Epistles of Paul in Modern English.
By George Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D. Charles
Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.25.

sin brings with it, but this death cannot affect the spirit of the man who has participated in Christ's salvation. If we possess the life-giving Spirit of God, he will grant us a future life and resurrection through the power of that indwelling Spirit.

Since the Spirit is the determining element of the Christian life, we Christians are bound to follow his guidance. Only that life which he inspires is worthy to be called life. The carnal life is death, and the death of the carnal impulses is life. It is through following the impulses of the Spirit that we prove ourselves God's sons. When we became Christians we did not enter a servile condition similar to that in which we were under the law, but we entered a filial relation in which we can address God as our Father. And the inner testimony of the Spirit in our hearts assures and confirms this relation. If we are God's children, then of course we inherit the great blessings of his kingdom. This we do, however, only because we are joined with Christ and share the sufferings which faithful service to him may entail. At present the Christian must suffer for Christ's sake, but how much will the future glory of the Messianic kingdom outweigh such suffering. Of this coming blessedness we find everywhere an eager expectation. Even inanimate nature seems to be awaiting it. The reason is that God, in subjecting nature to the law of decay and death, mingled an element of hope with this condition, which leads her to expect deliverance from this law and participation in the freedom from sin's curse which awaits God's children. Such a prospect for nature seems suggested by the condition of eager yearning and intense dissatisfaction which she shows with her present condition. But not only do we see this yearning for deliverance from sin's conse-

quences on the part of nature: even Christians, who have been acquitted of their sins and have become obedient children of God, are subject to this condition of perishableness which has been impressed upon nature. They too must die, and they naturally await with hope their future deliverance from the reign of sickness and death: that is, the bestowment of an imperishable embodiment for the soul. I say, "with hope," for this element is mingled with all our experience of salvation. We have not yet enjoyed its full fruition. Our incomplete emancipation from the law of decay and death leaves us this great boon to expect in the heavenly world.

Not only does the hope just described inspire us, but the Holy Spirit aids us in our weakness and in our prayers by his all-prevailing intercessions. Since this intercession is accordant with God's will, he alone knows its full significance and power. But there is one thing which we do know: that is, that all events co-operate to secure the final good of believers. Because we were from the beginning included in God's foreknowledge and purpose, and thus our standing as Christians has the whole plan of God to support it. The realization of our salvation in the past and in the future but fulfils the gracious plan of God for our lives.

The practical conclusion is, that God's purpose of grace is pledged to us. God, who provided for our salvation in the great gift of his Son, will not withhold from us any lesser benefit. None can bring a charge against God's chosen ones, since God himself has acquitted them. None may condemn them, since Christ died, rose, and intercedes for them. There is no hardship or suffering, not even death,—no, nor any power whatsoever in all the universe which can separate us from the love which Christ has for us.

DAUDET AND HIS FRIENDS.*

When his sufferings gave him respite he gave one the impression of complete health. The table was decked with flowers and shining glass. There were the most diverse kinds of comrades: Drumont, de Banville, Hebrard, Gambetta, Leconte de Lisle, Zola, Rochefort and how many others! At the very soup my father had already put everybody at ease, delighting his guests with a brief and brilliant story, one of those winged improvisations which were habitual with him, or else by some observation irresistible in its fun. Then with wonderful cleverness he would launch the conversation in some direction favorable to the lively spirit of one or other of those present, he would direct, protect and breathe new life into it, he would raise its quality and keep it human.

Now he would attack the whole company and fly into an excitement, when the sound of his voice, so warm and subtle, so ardent and engrossing, together with his brilliant eyes and gestures, made a most extraordinary picture and combination. Again he would yield the floor, make himself scarce and hide away, in order to allow some champion in conversation to carry off an easy triumph. He knows the value of opinions, the rush of dispute and the intoxication that comes from contradictions. On one point he is severe. He holds to a decent tone in pleasantries, and woe to him who shall permit himself some risky allusion, some word which might shock feminine ears! Then his looks grow black and his voice changes: dexterously and swiftly he recalls to the mind of the clumsy fellow what the forms of politeness are: "those pleasing frontiers, standing on

which one may say everything so long as no disgraceful image appears, nothing that would soil or degrade."

Gifted with an extreme sharpness of hearing, my father heard what people were whispering ten seats away from him: he often took a hand in an "apart" when he was not expected, and nothing amused him more than to put to the rout some slight mystery, a beginning of a flirtation or a timid advance.

But it would not do to be the dupe of so much kindness and take this sweetness of his for weakness and, as he says himself, "pull the chair from under him." I have known two men who had the cherished gift of repartee. One was Alphonse Daudet, the other was our dear and admired friend Paul Hervieu. Such is the craft of the fencer, who when unexpectedly attacked avoids the blade of his antagonist and strikes for the breast with a disconcerting swiftness.

There was the same sharp look, suddenly black and implacable. There was the same choice of unforgettable phrases, poisoned and barbed words, which flew from his lips. A precious gift was his, the abuse of which need not be feared in men of that sort. A gift which has taken on enduring form in works like *L'Immortel* or *Peints par eux-mêmes*, a gift that masters and keeps in subjection the fools, hateful ones and cowards, and one which, if it were wider spread, would improve the health of society by renewing the air of rude worldly assemblies which is often filled with it as with a pest.

"Naturalness"—that was the present which my father made to every assembly in which he found himself. He delivered people from the thousand different bonds which hypocritical con-

* From Alphonse Daudet: *Memoirs* by Leon and Ernest Daudet. Little, Brown & Co., publishers.

ventions fasten on them, from the prejudices and folly of snobs. Though a revolutionist and foe of abuses, he preserved all the forms of politeness. And while it appeared soft outside his satire was really a terrible dissolvent. Very often grave, reserved and cold men, to whom all familiarity is repellent, seemed to change their character, and gave themselves up to the author as if delighted to throw aside their pose.

At dinner on a certain evening an elderly lady, a much envied woman who occupied a brilliant position, one whom he saw for the first time and who drank nothing but water, confided to him the actual disaster in her life with a candor and simplicity and *naïveté* which fairly took his breath away. Yet such confessions were by no means rare. The attraction that certain people have, which causes others to give themselves up to them and consult them and take them for guides, despite all distances and social fictions—that attraction is and ever will be mysterious. Oftener than people think there is a desire to strip the soul nude, cast off the robes of ceremony and pull one's wig out of curl.

"There is," said he, "in life a critical moment, a *chef de la vie*, into which two people, who did not know each other the moment before, all of a sudden cast themselves with a singular lack of prudence and with that thirst for truth which torments scrupulous people and believers."

* * * * *

When his declining powers no longer allowed him to take his long walks, as often as not he made the house of his father-in-law, Jules Allard, "his best friend," the goal of his saunterings. At the time my grandparents inhabited a handsome house with a garden at the top of Cherche Midi Street: a description often recurs in the little note books. There are reports of long conversations held by my grandfather, who was a connoisseur of men and a

poet as well as a republican belonging to the great epoch, with my grandmother, Leonide Allard, a woman of broad and mystic mind, who was wont to defend the rights of the supernatural against the railleries of realism.

For my father was always rebellious against the manifestations of the world beyond, and held to the opinion of his friend Montaigne concerning the "unknowable." "My dear Mama!"—that was the way he called her—"I have remarked that superstition and skepticism form an equilibrium in the same family, just as virtue and vice remain equal, prodigality and avarice—and in general all such oppositions in character."

Since the increase of his malady, he went out very little in the evening. It had to be a very exceptional occasion to decide him to break the rule. Nevertheless he loved the world and society: the presence of strangers was good for him and took him away from his suffering. The general rehearsal of Sappho at the Opera Comique was one of his very last pleasures. He took the very liveliest interest in the staging of his pieces, in the performance of the actors and in such a "preparation" as dramatic authors understand, a preparation which is one of the pleasures of the craft. He generously distributed on the stage that mass of observations "from the life" which he never ceased to heap up, and he insisted that each detail should be scrupulously regulated in consonance with the actual.

It is hard to imagine greater interest than that in a rehearsal of a play directed by Porel, who has the very genius of the stage and a limitless invention, when aided by my father, who was life itself. What art, what care is necessary to reach the point of illusion! How difficult it is to cause a character to move, and to fix the entrances and exits!

At the beginning of winter the year before, Massenet had come to the

house to rehearse his opera on the piano for the benefit of his chief interpreter, Emma Calvé, the authors of the libretto, Henri Cain and Bernède, and his friend Daudet. When the touching overture of the last act was reached, that long lamentation broken by sobs, my father was not able to withhold his tears. What did he imagine, what did he perceive through the waves of those sonorous agonies? He left us to imagine, but we shall never hear that piece of music again without trembling.

Portraits of Alphonse Daudet are numerous and some of them are very

close to life. But what they are not able to render, and what is forever lost, is that voice of his, with inflections as delicate and numerous as the sentiments it expressed. Devoid of the race accent but not of melody, it was as if filled with sunshine when the soul was gay, or again it trembled when the mood was melancholy. That voice has remained so completely in my ears with all its shades of sound, that when I open a book by *him* or when I quote some of his sentences, I seem to hear him talk.

"SOME OTHER TIME."*

Grown-up people really ought to be more careful. Among themselves it may seem but a small thing to give their word and take back their word. For them there are so many compensations. Life lies at their feet, a party-colored india-rubber ball: they may kick it this way or kick it that, it turns up blue, yellow, or green, but always colored and glistening. Thus one sees it happen almost every day, and, with a jest and a laugh, the thing is over, and the disappointed one turns to fresh pleasure, lying ready to his hand. But with those who are below them, whose little globe is swayed by them, who rush to build star-pointing alhambras on their most casual word, they really ought to be more careful.

In this case of the circus, for instance, it was not as if we had led up to the subject. It was they who began it entirely—prompted thereto by the local newspaper. "What, a circus!" said they, in their irritating, casual way: "that would be nice to take the children to. Wednesday would be a

good day. Suppose we go on Wednesday. Oh, and pleats are being worn again, with rows of deep braid," etc.

What the others thought I know not: what they said, if they said anything, I did not comprehend. For me the house was bursting, walls seemed to cramp and to stifle, the roof was jumping and lifting. Escape was the imperative thing—to escape into the open air, to shake off bricks and mortar, and to wander in the unfrequented places of the earth, the more properly to take in the passion and the promise of the giddy situation.

Nature seemed prim and staid that day, and the globe gave no hint that it was flying round a circus ring of its own. Could they really be true, I wondered, all those bewildering things I had heard tell of circuses? Did long-tailed ponies really walk on their hind legs and fire off pistols? Was it humanly possible for clowns to perform one-half of the bewitching drolleries recorded in history? And how, oh, how dare I venture to believe that, from off the backs of creamy Arab steeds, ladies of more than earthly beauty discharged

* From *Dream Days*. By Kenneth Grahame. John Lane, publisher. Price \$1.25.

themselves through paper hoops? No, it was not altogether possible, there must have been some exaggeration. Still, I would be content with very little, I would take a low percentage—a very small proportion of the circus myth would more than satisfy me. But again, even supposing that history were, once in a way, no liar, could it be that I myself was really fated to look upon this thing in the flesh and to live through it, to survive the rapture? No, it was altogether too much. Something was bound to happen, one of us would develop measles, the world would blow up with a loud explosion. I must not dare, I must not presume, to entertain the smallest hope. I must endeavor sternly to think of something else.

Needless to say, I thought, I dreamed of nothing else, day or night. Waking, I walked arm in arm with a clown, and cracked a portentous whip to the brave music of a band. Sleeping, I pursued—perched astride of a coal-black horse—a princess all gauze and spangles, who always managed to keep just one unattainable length ahead. In the early morning Harold and I, once fully awake, cross-examined each other as to the possibilities of this or that circus tradition, and exhausted the lore long ere the first housemaid was stirring. In this state of exaltation we slipped onward to what promised to be a day of all white days—which brings me right back to my text, that grown-up people really ought to be more careful.

I had known it could never really be; I had said so to myself a dozen times. The vision was too sweetly ethereal for embodiment. Yet the pang of the disillusionment was none the less keen and sickening, and the pain was as that of a corporeal wound. It seemed strange and foreboding, when we entered the breakfast room, not to find everybody cracking whips, jumping over chairs, and whooping in ecstatic

rehearsal of the wild reality to come. The situation became grim and pallid indeed, when I caught the expressions "garden party," and "my mauve tulle," and realized that they both referred to the very afternoon. And every minute, as I sat silent and listened, my heart sank lower and lower, descending relentlessly like a clock-weight into my boot soles.

Throughout my agony I never dreamed of resorting to a direct question, much less a reproach. Even during the period of joyful anticipation some fear of breaking the spell had kept me from any bald circus talk in the presence of them. But Harold, who was built in quite another way, so soon as he discerned the drift of their conversation, and heard the knell of all his hopes, filled the room with wail and clamor of bereavement. The grinning welkin rang with "Circus!" "Circus!" shook the window-panes: the mocking walls re-echoed "Circus!" Circus he would have, and the whole circus, and nothing but the circus. No compromise for him, no evasions, no fallacious, unsecured promises to pay. He had drawn his cheque on the Bank of Expectation, and it had got to be cashed then and there: else he would yell, and yell himself into a fit, and come out of it and yell again. Yelling should be his profession, his art, his mission, his career. He was qualified, he was resolute, and he was in no hurry to retire from the business.

The noisy ones of the world, if they do not always shout themselves into the imperial purple, are sure at least of receiving attention. If they cannot sell everything at their own price, one thing—silence—must, at any cost, be purchased of them. Harold accordingly had to be consoled by the employment of every specious fallacy and base-born trick known to those whose doom it is to handle children. For me their hollow cajolery had no interest, I

could pluck no consolation out of their bankrupt though prodigal pledges. I only waited till that hateful, well-known "Some other time, dear!" told me that hope was dead. Then I left

the room without any remark. It made it worse—if anything could—to hear that stale, worn-out old phrase, still supposed by those dullards to have some efficacy.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Bodley, whose "France" has attracted wide and favorable notice, is engaged upon a continuation of that work, and is now on the Basque coast, employed in investigating the religious creeds of Frenchmen. So, at least, *The Athenæum* reports.

We have already a number of cheap magazines of our own, for five and ten cents; but as if these were not enough, an eight-cent magazine of English origin, published by the Pearsons, is promised, or possibly we should say, threatened, at an early day.

A decidedly optimistic little book—somewhat rare to find in these days—is James C. Fernald's "The Imperial Republic" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.). It is a far-seeing view of the country's future, and abounds in arguments that will reassure many people whom the present crisis is preplexing unduly.

It will be good news to many readers on both sides of the Atlantic that Macmillan & Co. are soon to publish in their Eversley Series a volume entitled "Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought" reprinted from the late R. H. Hutton's contributions to *The Spectator*. Mr. Hutton was at once one of the kindest and most discriminating of critical essayists, and the volume announced is sure to be attractive alike in thought and style.

Through an inadvertence, the price of "Prince Bismarck's Autobiography," published in this country by Harper & Bros., was quoted at \$10, in connection with the extract which was published in the last Literary Supplement of *The Living Age*. The true price is \$7.50. The work is the most important contribution of the past year to the literature of biography and political history.

At a time when so much attention is being paid, on both sides of the Atlantic, to discussions with regard to the relative usefulness and adaptiveness of the university systems of Germany, France, England and America, the modest little book by Prof. Ladd, "Essays on The Higher Education" (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers), has a particular interest. It is a clear-thinking, eminently practical and vigorous group of essays.

Whatever may be thought concerning Prof. Hyslop's new treatise entitled "Democracy" (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers), there can be no doubt that it will furnish material for discussion, and that some practical good will result from so free and vigorous an expression of thought. The book does not advocate a return to older forms of government; it rather suggests that our present form is too simple for the needs of a more complex social order, and the remedies suggested are in the line of em-

phasizing the responsibilities put upon the individual, and enlarging at the same time his sphere of action.

Mr. Stopford Brooke has begun a series of six lectures on Browning, at the University College, London, in which he intends to discuss the poet's early unpopularity and later popularity, to contrast him with Tennyson, to draw attention to his knowledge of nature, music and art, and to consider "Paracelsus," "Sordello," and "Pauline" at some length. Students of Browning will hope for a publication of the lectures later.

Dr. William Barry, author of "The Two Standards," the novel from which we quote in another part of this number, through the courtesy of The Century Co., is a Doctor of Divinity, and priest of the Roman Catholic Mission of Dorchester, England. He is reputed to be as brilliant a talker as writer, and he is one of the most trenchant of the contributors to *The Quarterly Review*, as the readers of his essay on Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, recently reprinted in *The Living Age*, will hardly need to be told.

It is the truly great mind that knows what to leave out,—and so attractively is this quality of genius indicated in Prof. Berry's preface to his new "Short History of Astronomy" (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers), that one has an instant desire to read so sane and discriminating a work. The book proves to be "popular" in the best sense of the word; it is careful, logical, pleasing in its style, abounding in diagrams of a most merciful clearness, and in photographs covering a wide range of solar investigation. A distinctive feature is the intermingling of the human interest with the scientific,—the sympathetic

notice taken all along the way of the men whose work has made stepping-stones for other men.

The "History of Japanese Literature," which the Appletons are about to publish in the series of histories of national literatures which Mr. Edmund Gosse is editing, will be one of the most interesting and decidedly one of the freshest in the series. It is written by Mr. W. G. Aston, and its distinguishing characteristic is that it is largely made up of translations of selected passages from the writings of Japanese authors, as far back at least as the eleventh century. It is a curious fact that the classical writers of that early period were mostly women.

A book that claims to throw light upon the new commercial possibilities that lie within the reach of American business men, may be sure of a welcome if it makes good its claim, and in "The Porto Rico of To-day" (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers), a vivid picture of our lately-acquired possessions is given by Albert Gardiner Robinson, who has at his command the graphic material of the war correspondent. Roads, telegraphs, farms, conditions of labor and industrial possibilities receive a large share of his attention, and the illustrations, many of them apparently from "snapshots," add much to the effectiveness of the book.

Is it our recent difficulties with a foreign power, or the approach of the new century that has turned the attention of the story-makers so zealously toward the War of 1812? At any rate, the excellence of the material offered by the events of that war is being appreciated, and in "The Count's Snuff-Box" (Little, Brown & Co., publishers), effective use has been made of a striking political incident,—

the selling to President Madison of certain forged papers, the tenor of which could scarcely fail to embitter the relations between Great Britain and America. The author, George R. R. Rivers, takes for his chief character the French adventurer who, under the name Edouard de Crillon, set all Washington into confusion, and acted his part with a dramatic skill that won him success of one sort at least.

Washington the statesman and Washington the exemplar of domestic virtues have both been many times held up to the admiration of the world, but the distinctively military genius of the hero of Yorktown has had far less consideration than it deserves. Now, however, in "Washington the Soldier" (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers), there is supplied a remarkable study of his generalship,—of his mental equipment, his grasp on all points connected with strategy, tactics, and engineering, his defeats and his successes. The author of this comprehensive work, General Henry B. Carrington, is known as an authority in Revolutionary matters, and he has succeeded in presenting a unique view of that war, looking outward upon it from the pivotal point of Washington's influence. The value of the book is increased by the number and excellence of the field maps and also by a chronological and biographical index arranged with rare good judgment.

There has recently been found in the Vatican Library the original manuscript treatise on the tides by Galileo Galilei. It is wholly in Galileo's writing, and ends with the words: "Written in Rome in the Medici Gardens, on the 8th of January, 1616." The book was dedicated to Cardinal Orsino. The Pope has ordered the manuscript to be published in a handsome volume at the

expense of the Vatican. The original of this treatise has been long supposed to be lost, and its discovery is specially interesting because it is found to differ in some respects from the text hitherto accepted as Galileo's. It is announced also that important documents, throwing light on Spanish domination in America, have been found in the Vatican archives. These also the Pope has directed to be published, and with fine courtesy he intends to present a richly-bound copy to the Queen Regent of Spain and one to the President of the United States.

Sir George Trevelyan, Macaulay's biographer, has interrupted his work upon a biography of Fox, upon which he has been for some time engaged, to write a book on "The American Revolution." He gives as a reason for this digression, which is more apparent than real, that "the story of Fox, between 1774 and 1782, is inextricably interwoven with the story of the American Revolution. That immense event filled his mind, and consumed his activities; while every circumstance about him worth relating may find a natural place in the course of the narrative which bears upon it. During that part of the great drama which was enacted within the walls of Parliament, Fox was never off the stage; and, when there, he played a conspicuous, and (as time went on) confessedly the leading, part. What was done and spoken at Westminster cannot be rightly explained, nor the conduct of British public men fairly judged, without a clear and reasonably detailed account of that which occurred contemporaneously beyond the Atlantic." The first part of his work, which extends from 1766 to 1776, has just been published by the Longmans. There will be interest in comparing it with Senator Lodge's recently published "Story of the Revolution."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Anecdotes and Morals, a Volume of Illustrations from Current Life.** By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Along the Trail.** By Richard Hovey. Small, Maynard & Co., publishers.
- Astronomy, A Short History of.** By Arthur Berry, M. A. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Australasia, Life and Progress in.** By Michael Davitt. Methuen & Co., publishers.
- Cardan, Jerome: A Biographical Study.** By W. G. Waters. Lawrence & Bullen, publishers.
- Chitral: The Story of a Minor-Siege.** By Sir George S. Robertson. Methuen & Co., publishers.
- Democracy and Liberty.** By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. New edition. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.
- Dream Days.** By Kenneth Grahame. John Lane, publisher. Price, \$1.25.
- Education, The Higher.** By George Trumbull Ladd. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.
- House of Hanover, Six Royal Ladies of the.** By Sarah Tytler. Hutchinson & Co., publishers.
- Italy, The Union of, 1815-1895.** By W. J. Stillman. University Press, Cambridge.
- Kingsley, Charles, and the Christian Social Movement.** By Charles William Stubbs, D.D. Blackie & Son, publishers.
- Lady Russell and Lady Herbert, Memoirs of, 1623-1723.** Compiled from Original Family Documents by Lady Stepney. A. & C. Black, publishers.
- Leaves, Autumnal.** By Francis George Heath. Imperial Press.
- London, South.** By Walter Besant. Chatto & Windus, publishers.
- Mary Dominic.** By Grace Rhys. J. M. Dent & Co., publishers.
- Mogreb-el-Acksa.** By R. B. Cunningham-Graham. Wm. Heinemann, publisher.
- Niger Country, In the.** By Harold Bindloss. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, publishers.
- Palestine, Village Life in.** By the Rev. G. Robinson Lees. Elliott Stock, publisher.
- Pen and the Book, The.** By Walter Besant. Thomas Burleigh, publisher.
- Pomeroy-Colley, General Sir George, The Life of.** By General Sir William F. Butler, K.C.B. John Murray, publisher.
- Porto Rico, The, of To-day.** By Albert Gardiner Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Prisoner of France, A: the Memoirs, Diary, and Correspondence of Charles Boothby, Captain Royal Engineers, during his Last Campaign.** Adam & Charles Black, publishers.
- Republic, The Imperial.** By James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co., publishers. Price 75 cents.
- Science, The Light Side of.** By Andrew Wilson. James Bowden, publisher.
- Science of Religion, Elements of the. Part II—Ontological.** Edinburgh Gifford Lectures for 1898. By C. P. Tiele, Theol. D., Litt. D. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, publishers.
- Sermons, University, Preached before the University of Glasgow.** By John Caird, D.D., LL. D. James MacLehose & Sons, publishers.
- Sonnets and Epigrams on Sacred Subjects.** By Rev. T. E. Bridgett. Burns & Oates, publishers.
- Tuscan Artists; Their Thought and Work.** By Hope Ren. George Redway, publisher.
- Twenty Years in the Near East.** By Arden G. Hulme-Beaman. Methuen & Co., publishers.
- Two Standards, The.** By William Barry. The Century Co., publishers.
- Washington the Soldier.** By Gen. Henry B. Carrington, LL. D. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$2.

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